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THE

WORKS

OF

Capt. *ALEX. RADCLIFFE*

In one Volume.

VIZ:

Ovid's *Travestie*: Or a *Burlesque upon* Ovid's *Epistles*.

Likewise his Ramble, an Anti-Heroick Poem, with several Miscellanies.

The Third Edition Augmented.

LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Wellington*, at the *Lute* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard. MDCXCVI.

Ovid Travestie,

A

BURLESQUE

UPON

Ovids Epistles.

The Third Edition, Enlarged with Ten Epistles never before Printed.

BY

Captain *Alexander Radcliffe*, of *Gray's-Inn.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonson*; and are to be Sold by *Richard Wellington*, at the *Lute* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard. MDCXCVI.

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The Third Edition, Enlarged with Two Epistles never before Printed.

Captain Alexander Ratcliffe, of Gray's-Inn.

[illegible] Rays, and the Devil and [illegible] Influence. [illegible] Attached beard [illegible]

[illegible] for Jacob Tonson; and are to be Sold by [illegible] Westminster, at the Lamp in St. Paul's Church-Yard [illegible] MDCXCVI.

TO

ROBERT FAIRBEARD

OF

GRAYS-INN, *Esquire.*

SIR,

HAving committed these Epistles to the Press, I was horribly put to't for a Patron—I thought of some great Lord, or some Angelique Lady; but then again consider'd I should never be able to adorn my Dedication with benign Beams, coruscant Rays, and the Devil and all of Influence. At last I heard my

good Friend Mr. Fairbeard was come to Town--nay then---all's well enough. To you therefore I offer this English Ovid, to whom you may not be unaptly compar'd in several parcels of your Life and Conversation, only with this exception, That you have nothing of his Tristibus you.

'Tis you who Burlesque all the Foppery and conceited Gravity of the Age. I remember you once told a grave affected Advocate, That he Burlesqu'd God's Image, for God had made him after his own Likeness, but he made himself look like an Ass.

Upon

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Upon the whole matter I am very well ſatisfi'd in my Choice of you for my Judge; if you ſpeak well of the Book, 'tis all I deſire, and the Bookſeller *will have reaſon to rejoyce: tho' by your appaobation you may draw upon your ſelf a grand Inconvenience; for perhaps you may too often have Songs, Sonets, Madrigals, and an innumerable Army of Stanza's obtruded upon you by*

Sir,

Octob. 28th. 1680

Your humble Servant,

Alex. Radcliffe.

TO THE READER.

Occasioned by the

PREFACE

To a late Book call'd

The WITS Paraphras'd.

BEfore I shall give you any Account of our Old Friend *Ovid*, or of his *Life*, I am to inform you, that his *Epistles* have been ingeniously and correctly translated by several Gentlemen; and withall, that he was of a good Family, and a brave Fellow was he.

Now,

Now, since the unhappy Accident of his Death, his Ghost has been lately attempted to be rais'd by an unlucky *Pretender* to *Poetry*, who indeed hath not skill enough to disturb his Manes: He calls his Book, *The Wits Paraphras'd*, or, *Paraphrase upon Paraphrase*, that is, *Thuon, Pelion upon Ossa, Ossa upon Pelion, and away with it.* This Book he has dedicated to his Patron *Julian*, Secretary to the Muses, in hopes that he may get and Under Writers Place somewhere about *Parnassus:* but alas! how can he ever hope for Preferment, when he has blaspheam'd the best *Poets* of our Age, by mistaking *Ignorance* for *Ignorance*: I wish to God the last may not rise up in Judgment against him. He (good Soul) is (as appears in his Epistle to his Patron) for none of your High Flights; but, like an humble Sinner in a strict Diet, makes all his *Similies* of *Close-Stools* with *Velvet-Seats*, and *Pans* that receive the Excrement. God save us: What are we when we are left to our selves.

Now

Now for his *Preface*, he would imitate that ingenious one of Mr. *Dryden's* to *Ovid's Epistles*, in beginning with *Ovid's* Life, which hath been wrote by as many Men as there is *Lives* in *Plutarch*. And again, our *Paraphraser* saies, That *Ovid* was as good a Wit as Himself, or any other Translator; and, to prove that he saies, *Nescivit quod bene cessit*, &c. He might as aptly have said,

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret.

Then he saies, That he could find no such thing as *Clubbing* with *Ovid* in all the Catalogue of *Virgil*, *Catullus*, *Propertius* or *Tibullus*? very truly said: for I suppose he knows nothing farther of those Authors than the Catalogue.

Oh Tempor! Oh Mores!

The more the merrier!

He

He wonders, that so many Workmen should put their Shreds and Thrums together to dess *Ovid* in a *Buffoon*'s Coat! why a silly *Quaker*, in plain *Taunton* Serge, thinks a Scarlet Coat embroider'd to be the *Old Serpent!*

He questions not but that there are more Fools in the World of his Opinion. (The true Question is, whether he is not single?)

Then he affirms, that, in his own simple naked shape, he comes nearer the Original, than the best of 'em; when in *Sapho to Phaon* he begins at the sixth Distich, *Arva Phaon celebrat*, &c. and goes back to the first, *Uror ut in Domitis*, &c. leaving out the eight Verses preceeding, by which you may easily guess that he had no other Authority for his *Paraphrase* (as he calls it) than the Translation: 'Tis something strange, that neither *Ovid* himself, nor Nineteen Judicious Translators, can give this Gentleman the least hint or light into *Publius Ovidius Naso*'s meaning.

Que

Quo te mori pedes ?——

Now on a ſudden he's ſtarted from Poetry, and is poſſeſt with the Spirit of ſublunary Wealth, and wiſhes with all his heart that he were as rich as a *M.* or a *C.* then would he quit all his title to *Permeſſus*, and engage never to write: oh, never to write any more, that is to ſay, he'd be ſo unconſcionable as to have a good Eſtate for nothing:

God proſper long our Noble King——

Now, as he ſaies, the late Tranſlators have already clipp'd the Original, and why ſhould not he clip too: whereas my fear is, he hath clipp'd *Ovid* ſo cloſe that it will hardly go:

When firſt King Henry, &c.

I believe no Book hath had severer usage than our *Paraphrasers*; for sales he, it was hurry'd into the Press before it cou'd make any defence for it self: Now the meaning on't is, if it had met with impartial Judges, it had never been Printed.

The Glories of our Birth and States &c.

But to conclude; Having wonderfully shew'd his Reading in his Preface to his aforesaid *VVits Paraphras'd*; in Scraps of old *Latin*; and at last, to his eternal Glory, one bit of false *Greek*; he is so far encourag'd, that he gives any man a Challenge in *Chaldee*, *Arabick*, and *Syriack*, though he confesses he knows nothing of the matter: But, to try him, I'll leave him with this *Syriack* Hexamiter.

Erytit de clutap snabucer bus chimget igaf.

And to let you know that this laſt Verſe, though ſomething rough, is not the effect of Indignation, I part friendly; only with this Advice, That our *Paraphraſer* would conſider, and follow any other Employment, more agreeable with his Genius (if he have any) then that of Poetry.

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SAPHO to PHAON:

The ARGUMENT.

Sapho *was a Lady very Eminent for Singing of Ballads, and upon an a extraordinary Pinch, could make one well enough for her Purpose: She held a League with one* Phaon, *who was her Companion and Partner in the* Chorus; *but* Phaon *deserted his Consert for the Preferment of a Rubber in the* Ba'nnio. Sapho *took this so to heart, that she threatens to break her Neck out of a Garret Window; which if effected, might prove her utter Destruction. Authors have not agreed concerning the execution of her Design: But however she Writes him this loving and terrifying Epistle.*

WHen these my doggrel Rhimes you chance (to see,
You hardly will believe they came from (me,
Till you discover *Sapho*'s Name at bottom,
You'l not imagine who it is that wrote 'em:

I, that have often Sung—*Young* Phaon *ſtrove*,
Now Sing this doleful Tune— *Farewel my Love*;
I muſt not Sing new Jiggs---the more's the Pity,
But muſt take up with ſome old Mournful Ditty.
You in the *Bannio* have a place, I hear;
I in my Garret Sweat as much, with Fear:
You can rub out a Living well enough,
My Rent's unpaid, poor *Sapho* muſt rub off;
My Voice is crack't, and now I only houl,
And cannot hit a Treble for my Soul:
My Ballads lye neglected on a Shelf,
I cannot bear the Burthen by my ſelf;
Doll Price the Hawker offers very fair,
She'l Sing along with me for Quarter-ſhare;
Sue Smith, the very ſame will undertake,
Their Voice is like the winding of a Jack.
Hang'em, I long to bear a Part with you,
I love to Sing, and look upon you too;

Beſides,

Beſides, you know when Songs grow out of faſhion,
That I can make a Ballad on occaſion.
I am not very Beautiful, ——God knows;
Yet you ſhould value one that can Compoſe:
Deſpiſe me not, though I'm a little Dowdy,
I can do that——ſame——like a bigger Body:
Perhaps you'l ſay I've but a tawny Skin;
What then? you know my Metal's good within;
What if my Shoulder's higher then my Head?
I've heard you ſay I'm Shape enough a-Bed:
The Mayor (God bleſs him) or the worthy Sheriff
Do very often meet with homely Wives.
Our Maſter too; that little ſcrubbed Draper,
Has he not got a Lady that's a Strapper?
If you will have a Beauty, or have none,
Phaon muſt lye——*Phaon* muſt lye alone:
I can remember, 'fore my Voice was broke,
How much in praiſe of me you often ſpoke,

And when I ſhook a Trill, you ſhook your Ears,
And ſwore I Sung like, what d'ee call'em--Spheres;
You kiſs'd me hard, and call'd me Charming witch,
I can't do't now, if you wou'd kiſs my Breach.
Then you not only lik'd my airy Voice,
But in my Fleſhly part you did Rejoice;
And when you claſp'd me in your brawny clutches,
You ſwore I mov'd my Body like a Dutches;
You clap'd my Buttocks, o're and o're agen,
I can't believe that I was crooked then.
Beware of him you Sifters of the quill,
That Sing at *Smithfield-Bars*, or *Saffron-Hill*,
Who, for an honeſt Living, tear your Throat;
If *Phaon* drinks w'ye you're not worth a groat:
And Ladies know, 'twill be a very hard thing
To ſink from him the ſmalleſt Copper-farthing;
Avoid him all —— for he has us'd me ſo,
Wou'd make your hearts ake, if you did but know,

My

My Hair's about my Ears, as I'm a Sinner,
He has not left me worth a Hood or Pinner.
Phaon by me unworthily has dealt,
Has got my Ring,---though 'twas but Copper gilt;
Yet that vexes me,---Th' ungrateful Pimp
Has ſtole away my Peticoat with Gimp;
Has all my Things, but had he left me any
I can't go out alone to get a Penny
Phaon I ſhould have had leſs cauſe to grieve,
If like a Man of Sence, you'd taken leave:
That you'd be gone, had I been ne'r ſo certain,
We might have drank a Pot or two at parting;
Or fry'd ſome Bacon with an Egg; or if
Into ſome Steaks, we'd cut a pound of Beef,
And laugh'd a while, that had been ſomething like;
But to ſteal off, was but a ſneaking Trick.
My Landlady can tell, how I was troubled,
When I perceiv'd my ſelf ſo plainly bubbled:

I ran like mad out at the Alley-Gate
To overtake you but it was too late:
When I consider'd I had lost my Coat,
If I had had a Knife I'd cut my Throat;
Yet notwithstanding all the ills you did,
I Dream of you as soon as I'm in Bed;
You tickle me, and cry, Do'st like it *Saff*?
Oh wonderous well! and then methinks I laugh.
Sometimes we mingle Legs, and Arms, and Thighs;
Sometimes between the sheets, methinks does rise:
But when I wake and find my Dream's in vain,
I turn to sleep only to Dream again.
When I am up, I walk about my Garret
And talk I know not what---just like a Parrot:
I move about the Room from Bed to Chair,
And have no Satisfaction any where.
The last time I remember you lay here,
We both were dry ith' Night, and went for Beer;

Into the Cellar by good luck we got,
What we did there, I'm ſure you ha'n't forgot:
There ſtands, you know, an antiquated Tub,
'Gainſt which, ſince that, I often ſtand and rub;
Only to ſee't, as much delight I take
As if the Veſſel now were full of Sack;
But more to add unto my Diſcontent,
There's been no Drink ith' Celler ſince you went.
There's nothing but affords me Miſery,
My Linet in the Cage, I fear will dye:
The Bird is juſt like me in every thing;
Like me it pines Like me it cannot Sing.
Now *Phaon*, pray take notice what I ſay,
If you don't bring the things you took away;
You know my Garret is four Stories high;
From thence I'll leap, and in the Streets I'll die:
May be you will refuſe to come---Do--- do,
Y' had beſt let *Sapho* break her Neck for you.

Your afflicted Conſort, Sapho.

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON.

The ARGUMENT.

Demophoon *was born in* Holland, *who took after his Father* Theseus, *pretending to the Art of Piracy; he was cast upon* Newcastle-Shore *by adverse Winds (as the* Dutch *Commentators say) but we are inform'd he came hither by his own choice. No sooner arriv'd, but he heard that one* Phillis, *a single Woman, kept an Inn in the Town; There he took up his Quarters: Phillis observed him as a lusty Younker, and though his outward Habiliments were not very tempting; yet his person perswaded her so far, that she Married him, and entrusted him with all. After some time, he told his Wife that his Occasions call'd him into* Holland *to see his Father, who he said, was a Man of mighty Substance; He promised to Return within a Month, but hath not been heard of since. Therefore she writes to him this Letter; but whether it came to his hands or no, hath been a question to this day.*

YOur absence does discover your Disdain,
You've done enough to make a stone complain;

You

You told me you wou'd ſtay a Month,---no more;
But by my Nature I do find 'tis four.
I, who am Woman, and a Lover too,
Obſerve the change of Moons, much more than you;
Indiſpoſition in the Head, or Back,
Informs our Sex beyond an Almanack.
Sometimes I hop'd---but ſoon that Hope did ſink;
Sometimes I thought---I knew not what to think.
I made my--ſelf a Liar ——— notwithſtanding
There was no Ship---I ſwore I ſaw you Landing.
Some Curſes on your Father I beſtow,
That old *Dutch* Rogue, think I, won't let him go;
But then again, that cannot likely ſeem,
The Maggot bites---you're gone away from him;
What if you ſhould be wrack't when hither bound?
No,---you're to great a Villian to be down'd.
Whom ſhall I blame? whom but thy ſelf---fond (*Philly?*
Who haſt liv'd now Thirty years, and art ſo ſilly.

When

When first you did within my Doors set footing,
I fell in Love--forsooth--A Pox of rutting;
The Devil sure will have that Doctor *Hymen*,
Who told me, that his business was to try--men:
He did believe--you'd prove an honest Man,
Marry'em said he, with all the speed you can;
The Good old Man his Substance to increase,
Would match a Helhound to a Saint for Fees:
You swore such dreadful Oaths as ne'r was heard,
By th' *Belgick* Lyon, and the Pirnce's Beard;
By *Opdam*'s Ghost, and by the Dragon's Tail,
B' your Father's Head, and Mother's Farthingale;
By the great Cannons, and the Bloody Flag,
And by the *Hogan Mogans* of the *Hague*;
Your execrations put m' in such a fright,
That all the Hair about me stood upright:
If on your Head these Curses fall you've nam'd,
I must conclude, that certainly y'are damn'd;

Hearing

Hearing such bloody Oaths, you would not stay,
I made all haste I could to get y'away;
I furnished you with all I cou'd afford,
Bisket and Powder'd Beef I put aboard;
A Flask of Brandy to your girdle hung,
Better I'm sure, was never tipt o're Tongue;
And when I pach'd your Sails with antient Smock,
(good luck;
I thought they wou'd have brought me home
But stead of that---such was my Fatal Hap,
I prov'd the Instrument of your Escape:
When you came hither in a low Condition,
Did I not stuff your Gut with good Provision:
The Suit y' had on---was destitute of stitches,
I gave you then my Brother's Coat and Breeches;
But as for that--Pox on't-- I'll ne'r repent it,
What you had wanted, I had then presented;
If you had never paid--here's none would stop ye;
But I must be your Wife too ----like a Puppy:

I

I wish to God that very day we met,
That into Gaol I had been thrown for Debt;
Then if I'd ask'd the Question —— you'd have said
Thank you, forsooth, I'm not in haste to Wed.
Well, well! Myn Hier! y've caught me now 'tis true,
I hope I am the last you will undoe.
The *Dutch* by Paint describe each others Lives,
And draw their Neighbours Actions, and their (Wives;
They'l draw your Father as some petty Pirate,
Doing small things, which People wont admire at.
He has been Rogue enough, but done no Wonders
'Has rob'd a Fisherman, of Eels and Flounders:
Perhaps he's Drawn making a Sailor drunk,
Diving in's Pockets —— to equip his Punk;
These are but Trifles to what you have done,
The Father's but a Coxcomb—to the Son:
You shall be Drawn, first in your tatter'd Cloaths,
Humbly complaining, full of Lies and Oaths;

And then you ſhall be Rigg'd from head to foot,
And from your Mouth, this Label ſhall come out;
'Poor *Phillis*, of *Newcaſtle* upon *Tyne* ——
''Twas I that ruin'd---now you ſee, I'm fine.
What muſt I do? I have not Trading here,
And all my Neighbours do but laugh and ſneer;
One cryes, Where is your Husband *Demo* ——foe?
For your right Name, not one of 'em does know;
Another cryes out--Hey! for *Amſterdam*;
What! Was'a *Dutchman* Phillis--or a Sham?
Thus (as they ſay) they throw you in my Diſh;
Wou'd I cou'd have you here but with a wiſh,
For theſe Rogues ſake; 'twould be good ſport to ſee
How well you wou'd belabour two or three;
Then they'd change Tone, and cry---God bleſs ye (both,
You are a handſom Couple, by my Troth:
No---'tis in vain to hope that you'l return,
I muſt continue, as I am their ſcorn;

But yet I can't forget the parting Day,
I thought you wou'd have hugg'd your Breath away
At last you spoke—'twas this confounded Lye,
Phil, in a Month this o're again we'll try;
But I believe that trick you're trying now
With some tun-belly'd *Rotterdam*——*U'froe*:
If *Phillis* shou'd be talk'd on by the *Dutch*,
You'l say you never heard of any such.
Phillis! Who's she? Where does this *Phillis* dwell?
If you don't know, *Demophoon*, I'll tell;
"This is *Newcastle-Phillis*, she that did
"Once entertain you, Sir, at Board and Bed.
"Some small Remembrance *Phillis* hath deserv'd,
"Had not this *Phillis* been, you might have starv'd;
"She gave you Money, like a foolish Elf;
"At last this *Phillis* gave away her—Self.
I am that *Phillis*, if I had my due,
That shou'd have Hang'd my self for Loving you:

will not be too late to do it ſtill,
nd if I'm in a humour, 'faith I will.
hen on my Graye let theſe few lines be writ,
hich *Phillis* made her-ſelf in Moody fit.

Here Phillis *lyes,*
Had ſhe been wiſe,
Shad Wed a Neighb'ring Scotchman;
And then ſhe might,
Have liv'd in ſpite
Of any Drunken Dutchman.

HYPERM-

Hypermnestra to Linus.

The ARGUMENT.

There was lately a Gang of English *Highway-men, of 'em having Wives or Whores in* London. *Now the only means to detect 'em, was by bribing their Women. In order to which the Keeper of* Newgate *went to 'em all, promising them very fairly, and with all, using Arguments how serviceable they wou'd be to their Country, in Discovering them; which they might easily do, when they came home to Bed. The Women were easily perswaded, And one Night, order'd the Keeper to be there at such a time, who seized them all; but* Linus *was præadmonished by his Wife* Hypermnestra, *so he escaped away in her Cloaths; She bore the brunt in his Apparrel, and was Taken (supposed to be a man) and Committed to* Newgate, *and put into Irons. The rest of the Thieves were Hang'd, her Tryal was respited, being not known who she was.* Hypermnestra *sends him this Letter.*

TO thee poor *Hypermnestra* now complains,
Such is the Torture of my Iron Chains:
Shall it be call'd in Law, a Crime so heinous,
For being just to my own Husband *Linus*?

Let 'em torment me on, I do not care,
I'll not tell who I am, nor where you are;
If they shou'd Hang me up instead of you,
To the last Gasp I swear I will be true;
I long to be reveng'd on those curs'd Wives,
That did betray their Friends and Husbands Lives;
Such Men were not in *England* to be found,
They'd bid the Devil stand, on any ground;
And all the prizes that they got, they spent
Upon those Whores; yet they were not content;
Think on that Night we did together Sup,
When all the Company were Cock-a-hoop;
That fatal Night you all came from the Pad,
Your Booty very large, your hearts were glad;
Though in my sad Condition, 'tis not proper,
Yet, I can well remember all the Supper;
A starely Loin of Veal began the Feast,
I help'd you half the Kidney at the least;

Four Turkey Poulets came next you wish'd they'd (been
Four *Turkey* Merchants upon *Mile-End-Green*;
Roasted young Ducks, and Chickens fricazeed;
There was more meat than we cou'd eat indeed:
Wine in abundance—I drank none but Sack,
But all you men did ply it with Pontack:
To th' top you fill'd a Glass, and drank to th' best—
The Health as you began it, seem'd a Jest;
I took't in Earnest to my self, and knew
That I shou'd prove the best of Wives to you.
By Two a Clock you Men were almost Drunk,
Then each to bed went to his Spouse or Punk;
If they were all as kind as you to me,
Never was such a Night of Lechery:
At last you sleep securely without warning
Of the strange Alterations in the Morning:
I knew betimes the Keepers wou'd be there,
And all the Night I sweat, 'tween Sport and Fear;

At

At last I rose, and 'bout the Room I walk'd,
And thus at Random to my self I talk'd;
Have I not sworn a Thousand Oaths at least,
That I'd betray my Husband with the rest?
What must I do? 'Tis true, I am his Wife,
What! must I damn my Soul to save his Life?
Hang all the Oaths in Christendom, said I;
He is my Husband, and he must not die.
With that I drew your Breeches on in haste,
The Codpiece was so big, I was amaz'd;
I walk'd into your Coat, hanging on Peg.
I lost my head within your Perewig:
Having put on your Armour Cap-a-pee,
For by the weight, such was your Cloaths to me;
You reach'd your Arm across---had I been there,
You would have had the other bout, I fear;
I pull'd the Sheet and Blanket from the Bed,
I plainly then perceiv'd, 'twas as I said:

Riſe *Linus*, Riſe, ſaid I, be very quick;
This is no time for any wanton Trick;
You're all betray'd——The Conſtable's at Door,
You muſt not ſtay a minute of an hour.
I ſhuffled on my Cloaths upon your back,
They did not fit—I heard my *Manteau* crack:
No ſooner were you gone, but in they bounc'd;
They ſeiz'd on me, and ſwore I ſhou'd be trounc'd.
And here they have me faſt with Bolt and Lock;
They know not yet that I have on a Smock.
Now you are ſafe, and I am here, dear *Linus*
Let's ſeriouſly diſcourſe th' Affair between us:
If all the truh to them I ſhould diſcover,
What can they ſay? 'twas acted like a like Lover;
I may be ſent to *Bridewel*, there they'l bang me;
But all the Law in *England* cannot hang me.
While I lye here—I am in little eaſe,
But when all's told, what ſhall I do for Fees?

If

If you don't use some means to get me freed,
Within few days you'l hear that I am Dead;
And then 'tis like they'l bury me; if so
Upon my Grave this Epitaph bestow:

Here lies a Wife, who rather than she'ld fail
To save her Husband's Life, dy'd in a Jayl:
My Irons load me so, I'm fit to cry,
I would write more, but cannot; so God b'ye.

HYPERM-

HERMIONE to ORESTES:

The ARGUMENT.

Hermione *was the Daughter of* Menelaus *and* Helen. *Her Mother ran away with a young Fellow,* one Paris, *they went together beyond the Seas. Her Husband* (who lov'd her well, pursu'd 'em, and after many years, *found his Wife and rescu'd her from her Gallant, and without any resentment of the Injury, took her again. During their absence, their Daughter* (who had an Estate left her by her Uncle) *was committed to the Custody of her Grand-father, who marri'd her to a School-fellow and Cozen German of hers, by name* Orestes. *Her Father brought home with him one* Pyrrhus *a wild young Fellow, to whom he Marri'd her again, taking no notice of the first match. She silly harmless Girl, wonders at the design, and to her Husband* Orestes *writes this innocent Letter.*

TO thee I write my dear and only Cuz;
Nor will I be afraid to call thee Spouse:
Though here's a Fellow come resolv'd to swear
I am his Wife, and he will mak't appear:

He

He looks sometimes, as if he long'd to eat me,
Sometimes he looks so gruff, as if he'd beat me:
He says he is *Achilles* Son and Heir,
And bids me disobey him, if I dare;
He kisses me so hard, the strongest man,
He gets a top of me do what I can;
With all my strength my Legs together joyn,
But with one Knee, he'l open both of mine.
I call him Rogue and Rascal, filthy Sot,
And all the beastly Names I can get out:
I'm Marry'd Sirrah, therefore don't mistake it,
I have a Husband that will thwack your Jacket:
Yet that's all one, he cares not what is said;
But by the Hair he drags me into bed:
They talk of Girls, forc'd by unruly men,
They can't be forc'd so much as I have been;
Yet all this while *Orestes* comes not near me,
I am afraid you do not love your *Hermey*;

You'l fight for Money, as you'd fight for Life,
And won't you fight a little for your Wife?
On while my Father miss my Mother *Hellen*,
Lord! There was such a noise, and such a yelling,
He rais'd up all the People in our Lane,
And ne'r was quiet, till she came again.
I wou'd not have you make a noise for me,
But come and kill this fellow quietly;
Give him a good sound blow, and never fear man,
It is for me, your Wife and Cozin German.
You know my Guardian marri'd me to you
When we were both so young, we could not do—
Now from beyond Sea comes my Father huffing,
And will needs marry me to this same Ruffian,
He vapours here about his Country Blood,
I gues your *English* Familie's as good;
He says, you've led a very wicked life,
And that you broke your Mothers heart with grief.

For talking so of you, I'd slit his Tongue,
And pull his Eyes out too, if I were strong;
'Tis something strange, we're of a Generation
Where Ravishing has been a mighty fashion:
My Grandmother was ravish'd by one *Swan*,
A little Cousin by another man;
My mother has been ravish'd once or twice,
And I am ravish'd now by her advice.
Must I with such a Rogue as this be match'd?
A more unlucky Girle was never hatch'd,
My mother left me here a little Wench,
Just big enough to clamber on a Bench;
She was stark mad for that young fellow—*Paris*,
And after him she danc'd the new Fagaries:
My Father for his life cou'd not forbear,
But ran a-catter-wawling after her;
Now they're come home, but with such alt'red looks,
As if they some were strange Outlandish fo'kes.

My Father has a Beard below his Band,
I did not know my Mother, she's so tann'd:
Toward my good, what did she ever do?
When she was gone, I learnt to knit and sow;
I use my needle now as well's another,
But 'tis no God-a-mercy to my Mother:
When she came in, she knew not who I was;
This Girl, said she, is grown a strapping Lass,
She must be marry'd or she'l grow too busie;
Look here, I have brought thee home a Husband,
With that he threw his Paws about my Neck;
Kill him, *Orestes*, or my heart will break:
I draw the Curtains when he's fast asleep,
And out of Bed, soon as 'tis day, I leap;
But I do toss and tumble all Night long,
As if by Bugs and Pismires I'd been stung;
Sometimes when I'm asleep, by chance there lies,
One of my hands squeez'd close between his thighs;

I snatch't away as soon as e're I wake,
With as much speed, as if I'd felt a Snake;
To th' other side o'th' Bed, I jerk from him,
And sometimes lay one Breech upon the Beam;
Then after me, he by degrees will steal,
Pray Sir keep off, say I, I am not well;
He seems as if he did not understand,
And then he reches out his hairy hand;
I speak as plainly to him as I can,
I tell him I'm not fitting for a Man.
Pshaw, Pshaw! says he, I know you do but jest,
'Tis the whole matter he's a filthy Beast;
For God's sake *Orey*, Prethee now contrive,
Some way or other that he may not live:
For here I take my Oath upon a Book,
If you don't get me off by hook or crook,
That we may do as marry'd People my,
I'll either kill my self, or run away.

LEAN-

CANACE to MACAREUS:

Lately translated out of

OVID

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, Son and Daughter of Æolus (a Trumpeter of the Guards) being from children brought up together, at the last grew so intimately acquainted, that they made bold to lie with one another. Canace *grew with Child by her Brother* Macareus. *She was deliver'd in the house; and the Nurse shuffled away the Child through the Hall when Æolus was sounding his Trumpet accompany'd with several sorts of Wind-musick; notwithstanding that noise, the shrill Cry of the Infant was over-heard by Æolus, who sent it away to be left in the Streets, and expos'd to the mercy of the Parish; and to his Daughter* Canace *he sent a*

Hal-

Halter, with this Message, ——This you have deserved, ——and you know how to use it. Canace *hang'd her self (as you may guess) before she wrote this Letter.*

BEfore these rude, distracted Lines you read,
Believe the unlucky Authress of 'em dead.
Ever to see me more's beyond all Hope,
One hand a Pen, the other holds a Rope:
My blustring Father's troubled with a Whim,
And I must hang my self to humour him.
But when he sees my Carcase on the floor,
Surely he'll cease to call me Bitch or Whore:
His puffing and his blowing will be in vain,
He cannot puffe me into life again:
His Mind is swell'd much bigger then his Face,
I am (he saies) his Family's Disgrace:
All his great Friends and Kindred are provok't;
What are his Friends to me when I am choak't?

I wish that we had stifled one another
That night I clung so closely to you, Brother:
Why did you love me more then did become ye?
It had been happy, if y'ad kick'd me from ye:
When first, with pleasure, I lay under you,
Would y'ad been lighter by a stone or two.

At first I wondred what should be the matter,
I look'd like Death, and was as week as Water:
For several days I loath'd the sight of Meat,
And every night I chew'd the upper Sheet:
I'd such Obstructions, I was almost moap'd,
My Breath came short, my —— were stop'd.

I call'd old Nurse, and told her how it was;
She, an experienc'd Bawd, soon groap'd the Cause:
Quoth she, for this Disease, take what you can,
You'll ne'er be well, till you have taken Man:
When I was young, I thought I was bewitch'd,
I scrach't my Belly, for it alwaies itch'd.

The

The Truth I will no longer hide, said I,
I must enjoy my Brother, or I die:
She tickl'd me, and told me 'twas no Sin,
Nearer of Blood, said she, the deeper in:
Both you and I approv'd what Nurse had said,
So, without more a-do, we went to Bed:
You in my belly rummag'd all about,
To find this wonderfull distemper out:
Too soon 'twould be discovered, was my Fear,
I could have let you search'd for ever there:
But Nurse can tell how I did sigh and sob
When we perceiv'd that you had done the Jobb.
I made th' old Beldam foot it up and down
To every Quack and Mountebank in Town,
For *Dendelion*, and *Camelions-thighs*,
Spirit of Saffron mixt with *Vulters-eyes*:
I would have given all I had been worth,
T' have kill'd the Child, before it had come forth:

But

But the ſtrongeſt Rogue lay fencing in my Womb,
And did thoſe pois'nous Potions overcome:
Oh! when I ſaw the ninth Moon in the Wane,
Then I was in the Bulk of grief and Pain;
Then, then my Throws came on in thick and thick;
I groan'd but for my Life I durſt not ſhreik
Untill my Tortures came to ſuch a growth
That Nurſe with both her Hands did ſtop my Mouth!
I ſhould have cry'd ſo loud, that every Neighbour
Would have diſcover'd I had been in Labour:
No woman yet that ever wore a Navel,
Endur'd ſo hard and ſo ſevere a Travel.

I curs'd your Sex, and wiſh'd a Rot might come
On all the Stallions throughout Chriſtendome.
At laſt you came; I knew you by your tread;
I peep'd at you, though I was almoſt dead:

T'ward me you seem'd to have some kind Re-(morse
But look'd, as if you would have eaten Nurse.
You held my back-parts, you could do no more;
Would you had never felt the Parts before.
Sister, said you, you shall not die this bout,
We're both unluky, but, we'll rub it out.
To see what words from those we love can do,
(Surely the Child within me heard you too,)
For streight he sprang forth from me, and did seem
To make his passage in a flowing Stream:
'Twas hard enough; but now's a harder Case,
To hide the Business from my Father's face;
We did consult how to devise a way
Thorough the Hall our Bastard to conveigh.
My Father in Wind-musick still delighted,
And all the Gang that night he had envited:
Fellows that play on Bag-pipes, and the Fife;
The old man always lov'd a noiseful Life:

They all did ſound together after Supper,
And then to carry 'em off, we thought, was proper.
Nurſe, in her Apron took the little Brat,
Swath'd up in Linnin, Ruſhes over that;
Quite through the Hall ſhe went her uſual pace,
And, unconcern'd her ſelf, humm'd *Chevy-Chaſe*.
Juſt to the door ſhad ſafely carry'd him,
When the unlucky Wretch began to ſcreme:
His little Organ made a ſhriller noiſe
Than all the Flutts, Recorders, or Ho-boies:
The old man prick'd his ears up, like a Hare,
And after Nurſe ran nimbly, as the Air:
Whither ſo faſt, ſaid he, old Mother Trundle?
Pray, let us ſee, what have you in your Bundle:
Quoth Nurſe,—'Tis Mriſtreſs *Canny's* dirty Smoak,
Men into Womens ſecerts ſhould not look.
He puff'd away the Ruſhes from her Lap,
And there appear'd the little ſprauling Ape:

'Zound's

'Zounds, ſaies my Father, What is here? A Kid!
My Daughter *Canny*'s finely brought to bed?
He rais'd ſo great a Tempeſt in the Houſe,
I thought that Hell it ſelf was broken looſe;
He rag'd ſo loud, the Bed ſhook under me;
Methought I was in ſome great Storm at Sea:
He ruſh'd into the Room, and did diſcover
The bloody Symptoms of a Child-bed Lover:
Our Sexes Stains by him were here diſcry'd
Which Women from their own dear Husbands hide:
With his own hands he did deſign to wound me,
But that he ſaw ſomething like Murther found me:
The Baſtard in the Streets he did expoſe,
And what will be his deſtiny, God knows:
The little Knave, with Tears, did ſeem to anſwer,
As who ſhould ſay, I beg your pardon Granſir,
Out went old *Trump*; I by his Looks could find
There was ſome miſchief hatching in his mind,

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The bloody Symptoms of a Child-bed Lover:
Our Sexes Stains by him were here diſcry'd
Which Women from their own dear Husbands hide:
With his own hands he did deſign to wound me;
But that he ſaw ſomething like Murther round me;
The Baſtard in the Streets he did expoſe,
And what will be his deſtiny, God knows:
The little Knave, with Tears, did ſeem to anſwer,
As who ſhould ſay, I beg your pardon Granſir,
Out went old *Trump*; I by his Looks could find
There was ſome miſchief hatching in his mind,

In came a Fellow of the *Bag-pipe* Gang
Whose very Whiskers seem'd to say, go hang;
Before his words came out his tongue did falter;
At last he spake, *Canny*, look here's a Halter:
Your Father saies, 'Tis this you do deserve;
If you'll not use it, you may live and starve.
His most obedient Daughter he shall think me;
If I don't hang my self, the Devil-sink me.
Since Whoreing does produce such strange effects
Would I'd been born a Monster without Sex:
Let my young Sisters all be warn'd by me,
And curb betimes Incestuous Lechery.
This I request of you, Dear Brother *Mac.*
That of our wretched Child some care you'd take;
If you can find him out, be not unwilling,
Towards his maintenance, to drop a shilling.
Let these my last words be observ'd by you,
As I obey my Father's: ——so, —Adieu.

ARIADNE to *THESEUS*,

Lately translated out of

OVID

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

Theseus, *an English Gentleman, and one who for his diversion admir'd Travelling*, especially on Foot, *having safely arriv'd at* Calais, *walk'd on easily from thence to* Paris, *where he had not long been but he receiv'd an unmannerly Justle from a Cavalier of* France: Theseus, *whose great Soul could not brook the least Affront, resented this so highly, that he challeng'd him, fought him, and after a long and skilful Dispute between 'em, fairly kill'd him:* Theseus *was impriso'n'd in the* Bastile; *During his Restraint he held a League with* Ariadne, *the Keeper's daughter: And, though the Prison was as difficult as a Labyrinth, (such is the power of Love,) she*

She soon contriv'd a way for his Escape by night: and he, accompany'd with Mistress Ariadne, *footed it back to* Calais; *where, both lodging together at the* Red-Hart, *he very unkindly took the advantage of her Snoaring, and stole from her early in the morning; and went off with the Pacquet-boat to* Dover; *from whence he gently walk'd to* London: Ariadne *sends him These.*

NO savage *Bear*, no *Lyon*, *Wolf*, or *Tyger*, (Rigor;
Would ever use his Mistress with such
D'ye think you don't deserve ten thousand Curses,
For leaving me in Pawn at Monsieur *Forces*?
I wonder what the Tavern-people think!
For here I sit, and dare not call for Drink.
While by your side I innocently lay,
You might have taken leave, a civil way:
I was half waken'd from a pleasant Sleep
By th' melancholly sound of *Chimney-sweep*:
I stretch'd my Leg, to find out my Bed-fellow,
But I could groap out nothing but the Pillow:

Thinking

Thinking t' have hugg'd you in my Arms ſo cloſe
One of the Bed-ſtaffs almoſt broke my Noſe:
Theſ. Theſ. ſaid I, I hope you are not gone:
I might as well have call'd the Man i'th' Moon:
I rent my Head-cloaths off, *mort dieu!* *mordieu!*
What will become of me? What ſhall I do?
I op'd the Caſement as the Morning dawn'd;
And could plainly ſee that I was pawn'd,
With calling you I tore my Throat to pieces,
The Eccho jeer'd me with the name of *Theſeus*:
To th' top of all the houſe I ran undreſt;
The people thought that I had been poſſeſs'd:
At laſt, I ſpy'd you in the Pacquet-boat;
I knew it was you or ſo at leaſt I thought:
Had you been walking, I had known your Stride,
And gueſs'd your Strutt from all Mankind's beſide:
Both Seas and Winds muſt needs be kind to thee
Thou art ſo like 'em in Inconſtancy.

I thump my Breast, I rage, I storm and fume;
The House desires I would discharge my Room:
Quoth one o'th' Servants, Mistress *Ariadne*'s
Past all recovery, overwhelm'd with Madness:
Another crys, *Mam'sell Com' portez vous?*
Fetch me my *Thes.* said I, What's that to you.
When in the Boat I cou'd no longer see you,
Ten thousand De'ills of Hell, said I, go we' you,
(Wine;
They think I'm drunk, I'm sure 'tis not with
The Score's too large; and you have left no Coin.
Into a Corner I am sometimes dogg'd,
And there I cry as if I had been flogg'd:
Sometimes I roul my Self upon the Bed,
And act those postures o're that once we did:
To my own self with pleasure I repeat,
Here lay my Head, and there I put my Feet:
I often call to mind our amorous Work;
Then here, methinks I have you with a Jerk.

Sometime they talk, that Ships are ſafe at home:
I liſten then, to hear if you are come.
Were I a Man, into the Seas I'd douſe,
And after you I'd ſwim, and bilk the houſe:
If I ſhould offer to run home again,
My Father 'd keep me in an Iron-chain;
I have betray 'd the old Man's Truſt for you;
I may go whiſtle for a Portion now:
When, for your ſake, I ſtole the Priſon Keys,
I little thought to ſee ſuch days as theſe:
Oh! when your LOVE was mounted to a pitch,
You hugg'd me as the Devil hugg'd the Witch;
You ſwore, with Oaths moſt deſperate and bloody,
The Queen of *France* to me was but a Dowdy,
I have more Whymſes then a dancing *Bear*,
Sometimes I dream the Conſtable is here:
And though the Waiters very often wheedle,
Yet I ſuſpect that they will bring the Beadle.

Again,

Again, I fear they'll ſpirit me away,
And ſend me Slave into *Virginia*:
I was not bred a Drudge from the beginning,
Except it were to waſh my Fathers Linnen.
Either to Sea or Land I durſt not look,
To Heav'n I can't; you've ſtole my Prayer-book:
Your Valour made my Fortune ſo untoward,
I would to God that you had been a Coward:
Diſtreſſed *Ariadne* now complains,
Becauſe ſuch ſprightly blood runs in her Veins:
They ſay we *French* are very Hot, 'tis true;
But yet our Sparks are Froſt and Snow to you:
Curſt be the time when you firſt learnt to fence,
(Though that does never alter Men of ſence,)
I fancie in what poſture you were found,
One Foot heav'd up, the other on the Ground;
As much of Warlike Grace you did diſcover
As any *Roman* Statue in the *Loure*.

Methinks

Methinks I hear you ſpeak to th' Cavilier,
Sa! Sa! Monſieur, I have you here and there:
But now your valiant Acts are loſt for ever,
By ſneaking off, like a *French-Ribbon-Weaver*.
Had I not drank that *Brandy* over night,
I cou'd have wak'd, and ſo have ſtop'd your Flight.
Curſt be the Wind which was ſo kind to you;
Curſt be the Boat, and curſt be all its Crew;
Curſt may I be for truſting what you ſaid;
Curſt may all Lovers be that Snore in Bed.
Poor *Ariadne*, thou art finely ſerv'd,
Thy too much Love has brought the to be ſtarv'd:
The Servants pitty me, and ſay't's a hard caſe,
I've nothing here to pay 'em with but Carcaſe:
This Carcaſe too has wept out all its Juice,
'Tis grown ſo dry, 'tis fit for no Man's uſe.
Think, when you're rev'ling in your Cups at *London*,
That your Poor *Ariadne* here, is undone,

And

And when you come where people do reſort,
To hear your Travels told were pritty ſport:
With what tough bit of Fleſh you did engage;
You thought you ſhould be killing him an Age:
Do not forget me when you tell your Tale,
Tell 'em how I releas'd y'out of Goal;
And how with you I ſtole on foot through Allys;
And, pray forget not, that I am pawn'd at *Callais*:
And, when this Tale to your Companion's told,
Imagine *Ariadne* ſtiff and cold:
When dead, they'll bury me in ſome back Garden,
For I can't give the Pariſh-Clerk a farthing.
And 'tis for you I all thoſe Sorrows prove;
So, Mr. *Theſeus*, thank you for your Love.

LEANDER

LEANDER to HERO:

The ARGUMENT.

Leander, *an Usher of a School, and chief Poet of* Richmond, *having contracted a more then ordinary Acquaintance with Mistress* Hero *of* Twitnam, *a Governess or Tutress to young Ladies; such a reverential esteem had they procur'd to themselves at each place, that they could not conveniently meet without great scandal; therefore the Usher frequently swam over to his Mistress by night, but at this time the* Thames *was so rough, that he was constrained to convey his mind to* Hero *by a Waterman in these Poetical Lines, wherein Love and Learning strive to outvie each other.*

YOur faithful Lover sends this Bille-dou'x.
Stuff'd full of Love, but not a word of news.
Believe not, I think much of any Labour,
Cou'd I have come my self, I'd ne're sent Paper;
The *Thames* is rough, the Winds so hard do blow,
I scarcely got a Waterman to go.

And

And if I wou'd have given a thouſand pound,
This was the only Fellow to be found.]
I ſtood upon the Shoar, while he went off,
The Boat once gone, I thought 'twas well enough,
I muſt be careful whom I ſend by Water,
Our Family begins to ſmoak the matter:
Juſt as the Letter went, I had a fancy
Came in my head, I cou'd have made a Stanza:
Go Paper, go, and kiſs a whiter hand,
That oft hath put *Leander* to a ſtand.
Methinks, the Nymph perfumes it with her Breath,
And bites the wax of with her Ivory Teeth:
Her Sheperd would be glad to be ſo bit,
Untill th' aforeſaid Teeth together met.
But then think I, theſe whymſes ſhee'll condemn
The hand that writes, ſhould rather make me ſwim;
Bold ſtrokes in Poetry ſhe hardly blames,
But ſuch bold ſtroaks ſhou'd be upon the Thames:

Methinks

Methinks it is an Age since I swam o're,
I long until each Arm, does prove an Oar.
Fully resolv'd I came to'th water side,
And thought the space between us but a stride.
I saw your house, and wish'd that I cou'd clamber
To your watch-- light in the supremest Chamber:
I pull'd off Coat and doublet twice or thrice,
But then I thought,--be merry and be wise.
Thus I in Verse spake to the mighty *Boreas*,
Thou bluffring youth---pray tell me why so furious;
Tho' amongst Winds thou art a great Commander,
Blow gently for the sake of poor *Leander*.
I cross no Sea (Here *Thames* is call'd the Sea,
Because it doth with lofty Verse agree.)
I cross no Sea to *Asia* or to *Afrique*,
Upon the Account of Sublunary Traffique:
Ingots of Gold! alas! I do not seek 'em,
Give me my Heroes Love, then *omnia mecum*.

Boreas

Boreas himself does sometimes leave off roaring
And goes a—woing, I'll not say a—whoring.
For several uses you, your breath may spare,
Do not so fiercely move our *Richmond* Air.
But all was vain, *Boreas* was still unkind,
I did repeat my Verses to the wind.
Had I but wings, I'd soar above the People
And place my self just now on *Twitnam* Steeple.
I well remember that first night I swam,
That happy night I first to *Twitnam* came;
I put of all my cloaths, with them my fears,
And dous'd into the *Thames* o're head and ears.
The Moon took—care *Leander* should not sink,
And stole before me like a lighted Link;
I thank'd her for her Love, and thus did greet her,
As far as my poor Talent went—in meeter.
Ah gentle Moon, because thou'rt kind to me,
I wish *Endymion* may be so to thee:

And

And as with him thou hold'ſt a private League
With thy broad Eye, ſo wink at my Intrigue.
Under correction to your Heavenly ſence,
Your caſe and mine have little difference.
A Goddeſs you love one of human Birth,
My Miſtreſs is a Goddeſs upon Earth:
Such ſort of Beauty as ſhe wears, is given
Only to ſuch as do belong to Heaven.
And if you are not of the ſelf ſame mind,
Begging your Pardon, *Cynthia*, you're blind.
With ſuch like words I got near *Twitnam* ſands,
And nothing all the way ſaw I but Swans.
At laſt I ſpy'd your Candle on the top,
Aye! now all's well, thought I, there is ſome hope.
But when you put your head out from the Caze-
ment,
Then was *Leander* ſtruck into amazement;
For two Lights more did from the Window ſeem,
Which made the artificial one look dim.

Your Eyes the Moon, and Candle made juſt four;
I, like ſome Prince was lighted to the ſhoar.
But you're to blame, when you perceiv'd me come,
Nurſe ſayes, ſhe cou'd not keep you in the room;
But in your ſhift you wou'd be running down;
You'l get ſome violent cold, and then you're gone.
But to ſay truth, thou art a loving Tit,
Thou hug'ſt me in thy arms all dripping wet:
I can but think how ſtraingly I did look,
When you put o're my head a Holland Smock;
And hand in hand thus walking from the *Thames*,
We ſeem'd the Ghoſts of two diſtreſſed Dames.
But when we came to Bed, we underſtood,
We were no Ghoſts, but real Fleſh and Blood:
We did repeat more pleaſures in one hour,
Than ſome dull Lovers do in forty ſcore;
Becauſe we knew our time was very ſhort,
We cou'd not tell the number of our ſport.

Aurora

Aurora does from *Tithon*'s Bed escape,
Tithon perhaps will take the other nap,
See her Postillian *Lucifer* before,
And now the Bus'ness of the Night is o're;
The day appears, *Leander* must be jogging,
And home agen among the Boyes a-flogging.
My well beloved *Amo* I forsake,
And to dull *Doceo* now I must go back.
And Substantive I'll always be to thee,
My pritty Verb *Deponent* thou shalt be.
If we were in conjuction day and night,
Leander would not prove a heteroclite:
In Grammer we make Noun to joyn with Noun,
Why shou'd not *Twitnam* joyn with *Richmond*,
(Town?
'Twou'd make one mad to think a foolish River,
Or any surly Winds should Lovers sever:
But hold *Leander*, let no Seas nor Wind
Disturb the quiet Freehold of thy Mind.

When first I croſt---my thought the Fiſh did gaze,
The Salmon ſeem'd to peep upon my Face;
I could hear Boatmen call from Weſtern Barge,
What Fiſh is that, my thinks 'tis very large,
They'd call me Porpus, and they'd jeer and flout me;
But now by th' name of Brother they ſalute me:
How d'ee ſays one; Good morrow t'other cryes;
I civilly return them, *Bona dies.*
The Fiſhermen that bobs all night for Eel,
Now ſayes, Your Servant, Sir, I wiſh you well:
God ſend you ſafe on t'other ſide the Water,
I ſay unto him, *Salvus ſis piſcator.*
I hope thoſe Halcyon Nights will ſoon return;
For want of 'em, does poor *Leander* mourn.
But if ſuch ſtorms in Summer time does hinder,
How ſhall I e're get to the in the Winter?
If I do venture in, and ſhould be drown'd,
I hope by thee my Body will be found.

Thou'lt

Thoul't roul it up in Holland or in Bucram,
Then may I truly ſay—*mors mihi Lucrum.*
But let not this poſſeſs you I am dead,
A fooliſh whimſey came into my head,
We ſhall have many pleaſant Nights between us,
I'll come and hugg my *Hero ore-tenus.*
Pray put theſe Lines up ſafe, for fear you looſe 'em
In that warm place where I would be, your Boſom:
And in a little time, diſpute it not,
I'll come and juſtifie what I have wrot:
For when the wheather changes I'll not fail ye,
And untill then thou —— *dulce decus Vale.*

HERO's *Answer.*

Leander, thank you kindly for your Letter,
Though if y'ad come your self it had been better;
I cannot rest, I know not what's the matter,
I'm all afire, to have you cross the Water.
We Women when we've any thing to do,
Are ten times more desirous of't than you;
Having dismist your little Boyes from School,
You can walk out i'th' the Evening when 'tis cool;
You can divert your self a hundred wayes,
I only stand upon the shoar and gaze:
You have a Green in which you bowl or bett,
And now and then three or four shillings get;
Or to the Tavern, when you please you go
And drink a Bottle with a Friend or so;

While I sit moap'd—like a neglected Cat,
And now and then with old dry Nurse I chat:
What's your opinion, Nurse, and tell me truly,
D'ye think the Wind to Night will be unruly?
What will *Leander* come? or keep away?
'Faith I don't know, sayes she, 'tis like he may;
Such drousie answers I do seldom miss,
D'ye think I han't a blessed time of this?
Up to my Chamber, when 'tis Night, I get,
And in the Window is my Candle set;
Perhaps I read a Play, or some Romances,
I soon grow weary of such Idles Fancies:
Then I peruse your Letter o're again,
And more and more admire your learned strain;
Then I ask Nurses Judgment in the case,
But she old Soul's, as dull as e're she was;
I make her stand upright (there I mistake,
She can't stand so—for sh' as a huckle back)

I mean, I ſet her ſomewhere in the Room,
And ſhe's to act as if you juſt were come;
My only Joy (ſay I) thou'rt welcome hither,
How didſt thou ſwim to me this ſtormy wheather?
Speak, let me hear ſome Muſick from thy mouth,
Nurſe nods, and ſays---I'm pritty well forſooth:
Thus I beguile the time till Morning---peep,
Then I go into Bed and fall aſleep.
And there I do enjoy you in my dreams,
Spite of the Devil or the rougher Thames.
Methought I ſaw you come ſtark naked in,
Wet were your locks, and dropping was your Skin
I with an Apron rub'd you up and down,
And dry'd you from the toe unto the crown;
Then preſently we hugg'd with ſuch a force,
I ſhook the Bed, and wak'd and ſtartled Nurſe;
And finding it to be a Dream---no more,
I grew as melancholy as before,---

If in a dream ſuch tickling Joyes appear,
Much pleaſanter 'twou'd be, if you were here;
I don't know what to think: you us'd to ſay,
Ten Thouſand Devils ſhould not ſtop your way:
Why ſhould the danger at this time be more?
The Wind blows hard, and ſo it did before;
But now I ſee which way 'tis like to drive,
A *Richmond* Wench as ſure as I'm alive;
Ah! ſay ye ſo? why then it is for her
This Storm is rais'd, *Leander* cannot ſtir.
But hang't that cannot be, I'm turn'd a fool,
Leander was and is an honeſt Soul:
As ſoon as I had ſaid theſe words of you,
The Candle burn't not as it us'd to do;
Sayes Nurſe, there is a ſtranger in the Light,
Maſter *Leander* will be here to Night;
With that ſhe took the Brandy bottle up,
And pull'd from thence a very hearty ſup,

Sayes

Sayes she--if what I say should prove untrue,
I wish this blessed draught may ne're go through;
Therefore let's see you hear to night dear *Nandy*,
Or else poor Nurse must never more drink Brandy.
Perhaps you fancy you take double pains,
And make to great a trespass on your Reins,
To swim so far as you have us'd to do,
And after that to please a Mistress too;
Half of one half I'd ease you if I cou'd,
And meet you in the middle of the flood;
But from the latter service never flinch,
I should be loath to bait you half an inch;
But after all excusing what I've said,
Pray do not cross the River hand o're head;
I dream't last night, I hope 'tis no ill Luck,
A Spaniel Dog was hunting of a Duck,
There were some reads which under Water grew,
And more, perhaps, than the poor Spaniel knew.

He was entangled there, and there was found,
I came to help him, but the Curr was drown'd.
I do not tell this dream to make you tardy,
But as a Caution not to be fool-hardy.
The Wind will soon be laid, the *Thames* be clear,
Then you may crosse it, without wit or fear;
Make much of this, for if you fail me, then
By all the Gods I'll never write agen.

LAODAMIA

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS,

Lately Tranſlated out of

OVID:

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

In the War between England *and* Holland, *one* Proteſilaus, *an* Engliſh *Lieutenant of a Fifth Rate Frigat, being Wind-bound upon the* Downs; *his Wife* Laodamia, *hearing he was not gone off, ſent him this Letter; and, like a fond Wife, gives him ſtrict Caution to avoid Fighting.*

A Health to your Proſperity goes round,
And to your ſafe return before you're (drown'd:
My Neigqbour *Jackſon's* Wife began it to me;
If I don't wiſh it, may it ne'er go through me:

We

We drink, and fancie to our ſelves in vain,
That the good Winds will blow him back again.
I hate the noiſe of a tumultuous Sea,
Give me a Tempeſt rais'd by you and me;
A Storm in which all Parts about us ſhake,
When we can hear the Bed beneath us crack.
At *Graveſend*, when we took our laſt Adieu,
The Parting Kiſs, remember, I gave you:
I, like a ſhitten Girle, began to cry;
I had no mind, methoughts, to ſay, God b'w'y:
I heard Tarpaulins roar out, Hoiſe up Sail;
On Board, on Board; here comes a merry Gale:
In ſuch brisk Gales poor Women don't delight,
They blow away the pleaſures of the night:
As you went off, I could not bear the Loſs,
A Qualm came o'er my Stomach quite-a-croſs;
Old Mother *Crump*, a very ſubtile *Croan*,
Saw by my Looks that I was almoſt gone:

A Pint

A Pint of Brandy presently she brought,
And made me drink a very hearty draught;
She shew'd her Love, but what great good has't done?
How can I live with comfort now you're gone?
I wake, and find no Husband by my side;
I often think 'twere better I had dy'd:
Till you return, I'll ne'er be dreſt agen;
I have not comb'd my head the Lord knows when:
A Glaſs of Wine sometimes my heart does cheriſh;
Wer't not for that, I fanſie I shou'd periſh:
Becauſe I go ſo taudry, like a Punk,
Some, that don't know me, think that I am drunk:
My Neighbours often tell me, Miſtreſs *Proteſ*---,
You go ſo ſtrangely, all the Street takes notice!
Says one, You do your Husband's Friends diſgrace;
For ſhame! Put on a Petticoat with Lace:
Why ſhould they think that I would wear a lac'd-coat?
When my poor Husband's in a Seaman's waſtcoat?

Should

Should I adorn my Head with curles and Towers?
When a poor Skippers Cap does cover yours.
The Plaguy *Dutch*; that they ſhould break the (Peace,
And not ſubmit to us in *Engliſh* Seas:
Though, for my own particular, I ſwear,
If I could once again but have you here,
Let *Dutch* have Liberty to fiſh and foul,
I would not care a Farthing, by my Soul.
Methinks I ſee you now, and, by your looks,
You are engaging with a Butter-box:
Methinks juſt now a Bullet did eſcape,
And hit my Neck, juſt in the very Nape.
But oh! I ſwoon, when I do think of *Trump*!
His Ships now giving yours a bloody Thump!
Bleſs us, ſaid I, Now, you are diſpatch'd!
That Dog has been at Sea 'fore you were hatch'd:
For Heaven's ſake avoid him if you can,
He's certainly the Devil of a Man!

If

If any Ship does make up towards you,
You may ſay ſure *Van-Trump*'s among the Crew:
There's not a Shot does to your Veſſel come,
But I receive the Pain on't here at home.
What am I better if you beat the *Dutch*,
And you come hither hopping on a Crutch?
How finely 'mong the Neighbourhood 'twou'd ſhow,
To ſee you ſtrut upon a timber Toe?
To rout the Foe is ſome great Adm'ral's Office,
In theſe Engagements you are but a Novice:
Your ſingle Valours nothing on the Sea,
Your Combate ſhould be hand to hand with me.
Would I were in the Fleet with *Trump or Ruyter*,
To them I would becomean Humble Suitor,
And point out to them where your Squadron lay,
Directing them to ſhoot another way:
I'd ſpeak t'em thus; Great Souls of *Amſterdam*,
Pray hear a ſilly Woman, as I am;

And let your Cannon my poor Husband ſhun;
He knows not to diſcharge a little Gun:
If you were Women, as you're Warelike Men,
He would perform great Actions wi' you then:
Your Fighting, Skirmiſhing, and Breaking Bones,
Are only fit for Men that want their Stones.

Juſt as you were commanded to your Ship,
Remember, at the Stairs your Foot did ſlip;
Think on that Slip, and, when the *Dutch* are ſhooting,
Duck down your Head, as if you wanted footing;
I wiſh your Captain ſome good Coward were
And durſt not bring the Veſſel up for fear:
I wiſh to God he would not ſail too faſt;
You'l come too ſoon, although you come the laſt.
When you return, they'll ask how matters ſtand;
I hope you'll know no more than we at Land.

All the day long I ſmell no ſent but Powder,
Each minute Guns go louder off and louder.

Moſt marry'd women long till it be night,
But, for my part, I hate the thoughts of it;
Unleſs, by chance, I ſleep, and dream of you:
Fancy's the kinder Husband then o'th' two:
And when I wake and feel the Linnen wet,
I find, I've wept for joy upon the Sheet:
This to Enjoyment gives but half content;
When ſhall we meet together by conſent?
Oh, how I long to hear you tell in Bed
Some ſtrange Romantick Tale of what you did!
But when you find you can't prolong the Jeſt,
And, being at *Stand*,—kiſs out the reſt.

Againſt both Wind and Tide why will you go?
You'd ſcarce come home if Wind and tide ſaid no.
You fight, methinks, about ſo mean a thing,
Which ſhould have Privilege of catching *Ling*:
Old-Ling I hate worſe than a Common Whore;
(Would you lov'd Fighting with the *Dutch* no (more:)

I ate

I ate it once, and that against my will,
And sometimes fancy that I smell on't still.
But though thou art expos'd to Seas and Wind,
It is some ease unto my troubled Mind
To see thy comely Picture in the Hall,
Drawn to the Life with Charcoal on the Wall:
I prattle to it as if thou wert here;
'Tis late; Pr'ythee let's go to Bed, my Dear:
Methinks thou say'st, I'll humour thee for once;
Thou'lt work me at the last to Skin and Bones:
I kiss the Wall and do my Cheeks besmear,
And ope my Mouth, as if your Tongue was there.
By all the pleasant Postures of Delight,
By all the Twines and Circles of the Night,
By the first minute of our Nuptial Joys,
When you put fairly for a Brace of Boys,

I do conjure you, have a ſpecial care,
And let not ſaucy Danger come to near;
For when I hear that thou art knock'd o'th' head,
I'll hold you ten to one that I am dead.

OENONE

OENONE to PARIS.

The ARGUMENT.

Paris *was the Son of* Priam *a Wealthy Old Citizen and Alderman of* London. *When* Hecuba, *his Mother was big with Child of him, she dream't a fooliſh conceited Dream, which occaſion'd Old* Priam *to conſult* Lilly, *who told him, That* Paris *in proceſs of time would occaſion his houſe to be burnt down. Therefore the credulous Alderman ſends him into the Country far* North *to be diſpos'd of as a By-blow. When he grew fit for Service he was entertain'd in a Gentleman's Houſe, where he contracted a Boſom-acquaintance with* Oenone *a Young Wench and fellow Servant with him in the ſame houſe. His Father began to come to himſelf, and hearing where he was, ſent for him, and own'd him as his Son; but before that, he had diſengaged himſelf from Service, and ran away with one* Hellen, *who was Wife to* Menelaus. Oenone *being inform'd of All theſe proceedings, writes to him this Letter.*

AFter my hearty Love to you remembr'd,

Hoping you are not in Body diſtemper'd,

More

More than my self at the writing hereof;
If it be so, we are both well enough:
Your Usage has been such to poor *Oenone*,
That none but such a fool as I would own'e'e;
I hear you're run away with *Menels* Wife,
I pitty her, she'll lead a blessed Life;
What mighty mischief have I done, I wonder;
You'l never have a younger, nor a sounder.
If by my means y'had met with some disaster,
Had I procur'd you Anger from your Master;
If I had giv'n you that they call a Clap,
You'd had some small Excuse for your Escape:
But now you've had your ends, away to sneak,
Come! come! these things would make a body, (speak.
You were not then so Uppish — when you said,
A Dutchess was a T — t' a Servant Maid;
You were a Groom your self, you know 'tis truth,
Not all your Greatness now — can stop my mouth;

If

If you were able to keep houſe you ſwore
You'd marry me for all I was your Whore.
We were together on a Summers day,
Both in the Stable, on a Truſs of Hay;
You can't forget ſome pretty paſtimes there,
No body ſaw us but the Cheſnut Mare:
You ſaid ſuch glorious things the very Beaſt
Prick'd up her Ears, and thought you were in Jeſt:
But I did prove th' verrier beſt o'th' two,
For like an Aſs I thought that all was true;
Soon after—you were taken from the Stable,
To wait upon my Maſter at his Table;
To undertake it you ſeem'd very loath,
Did I not teach you then to lay a Cloath?
There's no man but muſt have his firſt beginning,
Who learnt you then to fold your Table Linnen?
Did you not often when the Cloath was ſpread,
Juſt in the middle put your Salt and Bread?

You have been threatned oft to lose your place,
Because you knew not how to fill a Glass;
You pour'd in Wine up to the very top,
I told you you should fill but to the knob.
Did I not shew you how to broach your Drink,
And tilt the Vessel when't begin to sink?
I was your dearest Honey—all that while
There was not such a Girle in Forty mile.
You carv'd my name upon the Trencher-Plates,
And on the Elms before the outward Gates;
And as we see in time those Elms increase,
So will my name grow greater with the Trees;
And any one that stands but at the door,
May see *Oenone* (your obedient Whore.)
You never have been well, since those three Maids,
Rather those impudent and bold-fac'd Jades
Differ'd among them—selves, which it should be,
That had the cleanliest hap of all the Three.

To

To you they came when you were in the Close,
The Little Field that was behind the House,
Stark naked did they come from top to toe,
Paris, say they, we will be Judg'd by you.
Heavens preserve you Eye-sight—how you gaz'd,
Nor could you speak a word, you were so maz'd;
At last you Judg'd with many a hum and haw!
Venus the finest Wench that e're you saw.
This was a *Whitson* Prolique, as they said,
A pretty prank to shew you all they had.
To see how naked Women are bewitching,
Since that you have minded nothing else but bitching.
Soon after that your project was of stealing
That over-ridden Whore that Mistress *Hellen*:
I must be gone a little while, you said,
(Then was this Bus'ness brooding in your head.)
You kiss me hard as if I cou'd not feel,
And swore that you wou'd be as true as steal:

Said you—Doubt nothing, for the caſe is plain,
I'm proved the Son of an Old Alderman,
And ſent for home my Father's very ill,
I muſt be by, at making of his will;
Oh that we cou'd but bury the old Cuff,
Then marry you, all wou'd be well enough.
You may've a richer Wife, but not a better,
For I am no ſuch deſpicable Creature:
Not to diſparage your good Lady Mother,
I can behave my ſelf as well's another.
No Wife like me was there in Chriſtendom,
When you were honeſt *Pall*—Squires *Sheepeard's*
(Groom.
My Father's but a plain Old Man, 'tis true,
But's Daughter ha's been bred up as high as you.
He is an honeſt Man, whate'r I am,
And may be ſav'd as ſoon as Maſter *Priam*.
Were I your Wife, my carriage ſhou'd not ſhame
Your Mother *Hec*.---tho' ſhee's a ſtately Dame.

What

What though these hands have us'd a Dripping-pan,
Yet on occasion they can furle a Fan.
Now on a little Folding Bed I lye,
(The' in that Bed sometimes lay you and I)
Yet I know how perhaps to hold my head,
If I were carried to a Damasque Bed.
If you had marry'd me y'had met with quiet,
What can y' expect from her but noise and riot?
You now have caught a most notorious Strumpet;
Besides 'tis known, as if y'ad blown a Trumpet;
Where e're you come you'l meet with frumps and Jeers,
Her Husband too, will be about your Ears.
In little time from you she will be budging,
She'l lye with any body for a Lodging.
When first of all we closely were acquainted,
(Which now it is too late, I have repented)
Cassandra was a Gipsey in the Town,
Who went a Fortune-telling up and down;

I gave

I gave her broken meat, which ſhe could ſpare,
Shee'd tell me all my Fortune to a hair:
You love (ſayes ſhe) a Man not tall nor ſquat,
But a good handſome Fellow, (mark ye that?)
This youth and you 'tis likely may do well,
If he eſcape but one——they call her *Nell*.
But if they two ſhould chance to lye together,
Hee'll break the heart of you, and of his Father.
Who this *Nell* was, I cou'd not ghuſe but wonder;
But now I know who 'tis——a Pox confound her!
I'll make *Caſſandra* Liar tho', in faro;
You've vex'd me, but you ne're ſhall break my heart.
This very Whore I ſpack on, ran away
With ſuch another Fellow t'other day,
And, when her cloaths were gone, and money la-viſh'd,
She came and told her Husband ſhe was raviſh'd.
I'm ſure I'm true, for here ſince you were gone,
Hath been ſome loving Boobyes of the Town,

One

One of the Fellows surely is a Satyr,
He follows me, and swears he'll watch my water:
We have a Servant come---pretends to Physick,
He hath a Cure for any one that is sick;
He cures the Tooth-ach; if your Finger's cut,
A Plaister to it presently he'll put;
Freckles i'th' face he cures, and takes off Pimples,
'Hath taught me to the use of Herbs and Simples.
But I must beg my fellow-Servant's Pardon,
Gainst Love there is no Herb nor Flow'r i'th (Garden:
For this Disease I must rely upon ye,
Come a ndlive here again, you'l cure *Oenone*.

PENELOPE

PENELOPE to *ULYSSES*,

Lately translated out of

OVID

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

There happning a Rebellion in Scotland, *in that Army which went under the Command of the Duke*; Ulysses *went Volantier. The Rebels being quell'd, the Army return'd home*; *but* Ulysses *lay loitring at some Inn on the Road*; *which when his Careful Wife* Penelope *understood, she sent him this Epistle*; *giving him an Account how Affairs stood at home*

YOur poor *Penelope* admires that you
Should ever use a Woman as you do!

Now

Now every Soldier's at his own aboad,
You, like a Sot, lye tipling on the Road:
You are not left behind 'em as a Spy,
T' inform, in caſe of ſecond Mutiny:
The Devil of Hell will have that Fellow ſurely,
Who firſt began this Plaguy Hurly-burly,
Had it not been for this unlucky Fight,
Y'ad ſtuck to work all day:--- to me at night.
Poor I muſt drudge at home all ſorts of weather
And knit,---as Heaven and Earth would come to-
(gether;
Twirling a Wheel, I ſit at home---hum-drum,
And ſpit away my Nature on my Thumb:
Thus while I ſpin, you, like a carefull Spouſe,
Go reeling up and down from houſe to houſe.
Being you ſtaid ſo long I did conjecture,
You had been maul'd by *Sauny*, the *Scotch* Hector:
Old *Neſtor*'s Son, that Fool, ſtood juſt by you,
When's empty Scull, they ſay, was ſpilt in two:

And

And, when he dropt, for all you are ſo ſtout,
You wiſh'd your ſelf at home, in ſhitten clout.
Yet after all, *Ulyſſes*, I am glad
You are a live, though you're a ſcurvy Lad.

Our Neighbours here all day do tittle tattle,
And talk of nothing elſe but Blood and Battle;
Were you at home, you could not chuſe but laugh
To hear 'em crack and bounce, now they are ſafe:
Perhaps when three or four of them are met,
And round about a Kitchin-Table ſet,
there's ſuch a Noiſe a Clutter, and a Din,
The Rebel *Scots* are routed o're agen.

Some with Tobacco-Pipes upon a Table,
Do valiantly demonſtrate to the Rabble
The Foes chief Strength; with that another Spark
Hamilton's Houſe deſcribes; a third, the Park;
Another ſpils ſome Ale upon the Bench,
And, with his Finger, learns you to entrench;

One

One acts how fierce our valiant Soldiers ran on,
Dismounts a Can, and tells you 'tis a Cannon;
Another cries Neighbours, observe and look,
This Pot's Sir *Thomas*, and this Glass the Duke.
Thus while the Husband draws this bloody Scheme,
The Wives, behind their Chairs, were in a Dream;
Nay, some of 'em (I question whether 'tis true)
Do tell some mighty Deeds perform'd by you;
That, being provok'd, you like a valiant man drew,
And cut a *Scotch*-man's Luggs off by St. *Andrew*.
I'm ne'er the nearer, though they're over-come;
If you'll not mind your Bus'ness here at Home:
For my own part, I would not care a pinn
If they were still in Arms, and you in mine:
Py'thee, come home; I cannot chuse but wonder
What a God's name you can be doing yonder:
By every Post and Carrier to the North
I've sent more Paper than your Neck is worth:

I've sent to *Hull*, to *Berwick*, and to *Grantham*;
I might as well have sent a Post to *Bantam*.
Perhaps some Tapster's Wife subdues your Heart,
Or else her Drink's so strong you cannot part:
And, when you're drunk, Lord, how your Tongue does run,
That you've a House well furnish'd here in Town,
In which your Wife (or rather, Drudge) doth dwell
As constantly at home, as Snail in Shell.
(But yet, when I remember parting Kisses,
Then, then, methinks thou shouldst be true, *Ulysses*.)
My Father says you're drow'd i'th watry Main;
The old Man joques, and bids me wed again;
His Counsel, like himself is still unsound,
I'd rather he were hang'd than you were drown'd.
Every day here comes a sort of Fellows,
Enow to make a foolish Husband jealous,
From *Wheatston*'s-Park, *Moor-fields*, or such like places,
Fellows with Cuts and Frenches in their Faces;

There

There are but ſeven Fingers amongſt four,
And here they domineer, and ſwear, and roar:
Two of 'em ſay, they have been vaſt Commanders,
The other trail'd a Pike with you in *Flanders*;
There's one of 'em, they call him, Merry *Robert*,
He, in a merry way, broke up the Cubboard;
Here hath been *Irus* too, that *Iriſh* Thief,
W' hath eaten up a Surloin of Roaſt-Beef;
What ſignifies my Father or my ſelf,
We can't ſecure our Meat upon the Shelf?
What great defence can Nurſe or little Boy make
Againſt a Fellow with a Horſes ſtomach?
The little Rogue your Son, was almoſt drown'd,
Padling about he tumbled in the Pond,
But we recover'd him with much ado,
I hope he'll prove a better Man than you.
In ſhort, If ſpeedily you do not come,
You will be eaten out of houſe and home:

The old Man's crazy, we from him muſt part;
And I have lay'd your uſage ſo to heart,
That I am grown ſo wither'd now with Grief,
I look——more like your Mother than——

Your faithful Wife,

PENELOPE.

PHÆDRA

PHÆDRA to HIPPOLYTUS.

The ARGUMENT.

Theſeus *having made his Eſcape out of* France *with* Phædra——(*whoſe Siſter* Ariadne *he deſerted at* Calais) *when he came into* England *marry'd her, and brought her home to a Farm-Houſe near* Putney *in* Surrey, *which he Rented of one Mr.* Jones, *which Houſe during his Travell, (or rather his Ramble) he committed to his Son* Hippolytus, *who was a great Hunter, a handſome Fellow, and a Woman---hater; for which two laſt Reaſons* Phædra *his Mother after ſhe had acquainted her ſelf with her Neighbours, and houſhold affairs, fell deſperately in Love; inſomuch that nothing would ſerve her but carnal copulation with her Son in-Law; to accompliſh which ſhe humbly entreats him by this Letter to conſider her Condition.*

TO you my Lad, I ſend this amorous Scroul,
Wiſhing you health, with all my Heart and (Soul;
Your Mother, and your Lover does beſeech,
That with theſe Lines you wou'd not wipe your (Breech:

Thank God, my Father gave his Children breeding,
And taught us all, our Writing and our Reading.
By Letters Men have News, and Women find
Which way and how their Sweet-hearts are enclin'd.
Thrice I resolv'd to tell you all I thought,
But for my Blood I cou'd not get it out:
I just began to say——My dearest *Poll*,
Then laugh'd, and turn'd aside, and ruin'd all;
Tho' 'tis no laughing matter, for I own
I love the very Ground thou tread'st upon.
I'll tell thee, *Poll*, and mark me what I say,
If Love thou Sullenly dost disobey,
Tho' he's a Boy, not half so big as you,
Yet Fairy-like he'll pinch you black and blew;
On a full speed your Horse he'll lead astray,
And like a Hare he'll cross you in your way.
If he assaults——you cannot beat him him off
Either with hunting Pole or Quarter-Staff.

Hath

'Hath sworn, (tho' to your Father I am wed,)
To bind you fast, and bring you to my Bed.
'Tis true, your strength is great, his only Art,
You pitch the Bar, and he can throw a Dart;
What need I use these words? dear *Polly*—come
Let us embrace, your's not at home.
You know my Reputation's very great,
Whoo'd guess that You and I shou'd do the feat.
Oh how I am stung, I have as little Ease,
As if I had distrub'd a Hive of Bees,
I purre and purre, just like our Tabby Cat,
As if I knew not what I wou'd be at:
When Young, I cou'd have cur'd these am'rous (stings
With Carrots, Radishes, or such like things;
Now there's no pleasure in such Earthly cures,
I must have things apply'd as warm as yours.
Where lies the blame, art thou not strong, and (young?
Who wou'd not gather fruit that is well hung?

Or who can call't a Sin when we have done,
Main't I have leave to hug my Husband's Son?
Suppose our Landlord *Jove*, that gallant Wight,
Had a months mind to lodge with me one night;
Nay——if his Lady too should give consent,
For you I'd quit him, though hee'd quit his rent,
Since you'l not hunt in this my softer place,
Where I should get the better of the chase;
Since the large Fields and Woods you rummage,
Disdaining my poor little Cunny——borough; (through,
I'll follow you o're Ditches, and thro' Boggs,
And whoop and hollow after all the Dogs:
I'll speak to th' hounds so well hey! *Jowler*, *Bow-*
That none, but you shall know I am a Woman: (*man*,
I'll praise your Greyhound *Delia*, when you course,
She shall my Mistress be, and I'll be yours.
Under a hedge I'll squat down like a Hare,
And you alone shall find me sitting there.

Sometimes upon a Horſe I'll get aſtride,
And after you, as I were mad I'll ride;
For all our Generation have been ſo,
When they're in Love they know not what they do
You've heard that Miſtreſs *Europe* was my Gran-
(dam;
She went away with *Jupiter* at Random.
Paſiphae my Mother was ſo full
Of ſtrange Vagaries that ſhe ſuck'd a Bull.
My Husband with my Siſter lay—or rather
I ſhould have told you it was your Father.
Poor *Adne* was ſtarke mad for him, and now
I am (God knows) as mad in Love with you.
So that between the Father and the Son,
There are two Siſters like to be undone.
I never ſhall forget with what a Grace
You dreſt your ſelf in order for the chaſe;
Your Viſage not too red, but only tan'd,
Of the ſame colour with your brawny hand.

An ancient Bever on your head you put,
Like a three——Pigeon Pye, in corners cut.
A little Jacket made of blewish green,
Which had the Death of many a Badger seen.
Your hair your own, which shew'd you not de-
(bauch'd,
Not nicely trim'd, for here and there 'twas notch'd.
I hate your Fellows with your powder'd Wigs,
As m' Husband us'd to say, they look like Prigs.
You'd lasting Breeches made of Buckskin Leather,
To keep the fundamental parts from weather.
But when you reach'd your hanger from the Bed,
Another Weapon came into my head.
Not all your days can give you such delight,
Or half the Sport I'll shew you in a Night,
Delia's your Joy, *Delia* does you bewith;
Can you neglect a Christian, for a Bitch?
Cephalus your Companion and old Crony,
Valu'd a Dog better than ready money.

Heed

Hee'd get upon a Horſe, though half aſleep,
Ready to hunt before the Day did peep;
But when h'ad once taſted *Aurora*'s ſweets,
He found out better Game between the ſheets;
For then unleſs ſhe pleas'd, he durſt not ſay,
(Nor did he wiſh) that it would e're be day.
Why ſhould not we conſent to try our skill?
I'm certain you and I can do as well.
Therefore dear *Poll*, I offer very fair,
Under *Barn-Elmes* I'll meet you if you dare;
Since none but Country Sports can humour you,
I'll wraſtle wi'll you there a fall or two;
Though o' my Conſcience I believe you'l throw (me,
But if you ſhou'd, perhaps it won't undo me;
And when you have me down among the Trees,
You wanton Rogue, you may do what you pleaſe.
Wee'd no ſuch opportunity before:
Your Father is at *London* with his Whore.

Therefore I think 'tis but a juſt deſign,
To cuckold him, and pay him in his coin.
Beſides he ne're was marry'd to your Mother,
He firſt whor'd her, and then he took another.
What kindneſs or reſpect ought we to have
For ſuch a Villain and perfidious Knave?
This ſhould not trouble, but provoke us rather
With all the ſpeed we can to lye together.
I am no kin to you, nor you to me,
They call it Inceſt but to terrifie.
Lovers Embraces are Laſcivious Tricks,
'Mongſt muſty Puritans and Schiſmaticks.
Did not our Maſter *Jove* chuſe him a Miſtreſs,
Who ſhould it be but one of his own Siſters?
There's no engendring can be truely good,
But when we fancy that we are of a blood.
Under the names of Mother and of Son,
What pretty pleaſant actions may be done?

All

All they will ſay, becauſe I'm kind to thee,
I'm Mother both in Law and Equity:
Take heart of Grace, be not afraid of Spyes,
I care not if there were Ten thouſand Eyes;
I'll leave the door without the Bolt or Lock:
What if they ſaw us in our Shirt or Smock.
Nay I'll ſuppoſe we ſhould be ſeen in Bed,
What can there to our prejudice be ſaid?
That you came wet and dripping from the chaſe,
And I'd a mind to give you my warm place.
I did not think to've ſaid ſo much in haſt,
But Love like Murder muſt come out at laſt:
The Fort lies open, therefore ſcorn it not,
But come with ſpeed, and enter on the ſpot;
Let us imagine now the worſt can happen;
Suppoſe that you and I were taken napping;
And *Theſeus* ſays, Begone you filthy Whore;
Away you Rogue, and ſo he ſhuts the door.

What

What if he does, why then for *France* with ſpeed,
We ſhall be there ſupply'd with all we need.
My Father dwells at *Paris* in good credit,
And well to paſs is he, though I have ſaid it;
There he's as well known as Begger knows his diſh,
We'll live as bravely then as Heart can wiſh:
Therefore make haſte, dream not of any harms,
Thou'lt be ſecure enough within my arms.
When you go out, may you be ſure of Game;
May your horſe never tire nor happen lame:
At a default may the Dogs never be,
May *Delia* bring forth Whelps as good as ſhe.
May you i'th' Field ne're want a draught of Beer,
Or Bread and Cheeſe, or ſuch like hunting cheer;
While I ſit pining for you here at home,
When I have cry'd out both my Eyes you'l come.

HYPSIPYLE

HYPSIPYLE to *JASON.*

Lately Translated out of

OVID;

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

Jason, *a* quondam *Foot-man, with some others, the nimblest of the same Function, joyn'd their Stocks, and purchas'd a Silver-Bowl, which they ran for from* Barnet *to St.* Albans; *but before the day of the Match, one* Medæa, *a Gipsey, and Stroller in those Parts, took a more than ordinary fancy towards* Jason, *whom she Jo dieted with new laid Eggs, or what the Devil it was else, (she being suspected of Witchcraft,) that he won the Plate; and beat two famous Foot Jockeys,* Whipping-Tom *and* Teage: Hypsipyle, *his Wife, whom he*

he had deserted, hearing of his good success, and withall, of his Love-intrigue with Medæa, *caused this Epistle to be sent to him.*

From So-hoe *Fields*, Feb. 27. $16\frac{70}{80}$.

Husband,

THe Neighbours in our Alley do relate,
That at St. *Albans* you have won the Plate.
How easie a matter had it been for you.
Thave sent poor *Hyp.* your Wife, a *George* or two?
Did I, when *Flannel* was both dear and scarce,
Make you Trunk-hose to your ungrateful Arse;
I sew'd so long, my Fingers still do ake,
And, in all Conscience, I deserve my Snack.
I can hear something, though I keep at home;
I hear, y'have beaten *Teague* and *Whipping-Tom.*
You ran so swift, and strong, the People say,
You bore down all that stood but in your way:

Befor

Before your foundred Fellows could come up
You won the Match, and ſeis'd the *Caudla-Cup*.
I know, y' have been a Rogue, and done me (wrong;
Yet I'd hear this from your own flattring Tongue.
But why ſhouldſt thou e'er hope for that, poor (*Hypſi*,
Since *Jaſon* loves a Bacon-viſag'd Gipſey.
As I was waſhing, th'other day at door,
There came a Scoundril, ill-look'd Son-of-a-whore,
Who, jeering, ask'd if I were Madam *Jaſon*?
I'd like t'have thrown Soap ſuds his ugly Face-on.
Said I, I'm *Jaſon*'s Wife, for want of better;
Have you brought Money, from him, or a Letter?
How does he do? is he not very fine?
Come, come, let's ſee, I'm ſure h'ath ſent me Coin.
Quoth he, By God of Heaven, not a Souze;
He only bid me ſee you at your Houſe.
The Fellow told m' a Tale of Cock and Bull;
At laſt, I ask'd about your Tawny-Trull.

He ſaid, *Medea*'s your beloved Gipſey,
And that your often ſeen together tipſey;
But, he believ'd 'twas but a Trick of youth:
A Trick; ſaid I, the Devil ſtop your Mouth.
Would I had been laſh'd and whipt the City (round
That day I marry'd thee, looſe Vagabond:
The Hangman in diſguiſe read Common-pray'r
When we were match'd, a very Hopefull Pair:
Curſt be the time I did admit you firſt,
And ſtrove to quench your everlaſting thirſt:
What Plague poſſeſt me when I brought you (home?
This was no place to run with *Whipping-Tom*,
If I had taken but my Siſters counſel,
Y'had never ſet your flat-foot o'er the grou ndſel:
She bid me exerciſe the Fork and Spit;
We'd then good Goods, but now the De'il a bit,
'Twas well enough a year, nay, almoſt two;
What Fury hath poſſeſſion of you now?
Villain,

Villain, remember when you went away,
How often you Damn'd your ſelf, you would not ſtay;
And ſmoothly ſaid, No place ſhall us divide;
A Curſe upon your baſe diſſembling Hide:
I was ſo big that I could hardly tumble,
Yet I believ'd your Oaths, and durſt not grumble:
Said you, dear *Hypſi.* know that I am dead,
If I don't come before you're brought to bed;
You look'd like Air, with Breeches cloſe to thighs,
I fancy'd you'd be back within a trice:
When you were gone I to the Garret crept,
To ſee how nimbly o'er the Fields you tript;
As ſwift you went, ſo ſwift return you'ld make,
But all this haſte was for that Bitche's ſake:
Why do I rub my windows, waſh my Room,
Expecting ſtill your Rogueſhip would come home?
'Twould never vex me, if you were not ſeen
With ſuch a damn'd confounded naſty Quean:

A Witch, a Bitch, in whom the Devil dwells,
Whoſe Face is made of Greaſe and Wall-nut-ſhells.
Maſter, quoth ſhe, e'er from this Town you ſtir
You'll loſe, (that is Your Pocket's pick'd by her.)
A plaguy Jade, who curſes Night and Noon,
And houls, and heaves her Arſe againſt the Moon,
Contemning her as Authreſs of the Flowers;
Railing at all our Sex, and Poxing yours:
No Childing Women doth in Travel linger,
But tow'rds her Pain the Fiend holds up a Finger:
She'll ride a Stick; when Sow is brought to bed,
Then Pigs have no more life than pigs of Lead:
She, with the Mother, at a door will wheedle,
And, in her Infant's heart, will ſtick a Needle:
This I believe, what e'er of me you think,
S' hath put ſome Rotten-poſt into your drink.
'Tis ſtrange, that I ſhould ſuffer all theſe wrongs
From her whom I would ſcorn to touch with (Tongs.
You'll

You'll loſe the Name of beating *Tom* and *Teague*,
Whilſt with this Whore you do continue League:
Nay, ſome do very confidently ſay't,
'Twas by her Witch-craft that you won the Plate:
Some think her Devil, others, new-laid Eggs,
Made you ſo faſt advance your Bandy-leggs:
What can you find in ſuch a Punck as ſhe
Who from a Dunhill brings her Pedigree?
My Father dwells at Sign of *Golden-Can*,
An honeſt Vict'ler, a ſubſtantial Man:
'Tis true, they ſay, he is a drunken Sot;
What then; i'th' Pariſh he paies Scot and Lot:
Old *Bacchus*, the Wine-cooper, was my Grandſire;
Let her produce ſuch Kindred if ſhe can Sir:
Her Children have been gotten in a Bog.
By ſome large-pintled Wolf, or Maſtive Dog:
My Babes were neither got nor whelp'd i'th' (Streets,
I labour'd for them 'twixt a pair of Sheets:

That they are yours, I'm ſure, you need not (doubt,
For they're as like as if y'had ſpit them out:
Could they have gone, alone I'd made 'em amble
To your Apartment underneath a Bramble;
But I conſider'd how your Whore would treat (them,
Nay, it is ten to one, the Hag would eat 'em;
Or elſe, perhaps, ſhe'd ſtick their tender Skins
All full of Sparables, or croocked Pins;
Since of her own s' hath murther'd many a Brat,
Would ſhe ſpare mine; oh! never tell me that.
Methink I ſee you and the hell-born Toad
Engendring in a Tree that's near the Road:
Suppoſe you were purſu'd, as y' are a Thief;
Where would you fly? where would you find (relief?
What if your ſelf and yonder Devil's dam
Should come to me, and try if you could ſham?

Sure

Sure I ſhould make you very welcome both,
And entertain you nobly by my Troth.
I ſhould towards you make ſome relenting (Heart,
But 'tis my Goodneſs more than your deſert:
And, for your Fire-brand there, that loathſome (Hag,
I would contrive the greateſt Pain and Plague:
Her Noſe being ſlit, to make her look more grim,
Like a *Spred-Eagle* on her Face ſhould ſeem:
Her coarſe black Skin ſhould from her Fleſh be (rent;
I'd run a Spit into her Fundament:
And, *Jaſon*, this thy Puniſhment ſhould be,
Thou ſhouldſt eat thoſe, ſo oft have ſwallow'd (thee.
But ſince it muſt not be I am contented
To let my Spleen in curſing her be vented:
May ſhe all Suſtenance for ever lack,
Untill ſhe takes her Child from off her Back,
And puts it in her belly for a Nuncheon,
And for the Fact be thrown into a Dungeon:

May she be burnt to Cinders as a Witch,
And you be hang'd for loving of a Bitch.

Yours, as you have us'd her,

HYPSIPYLE.

For John Jason, *to be left at his Apartment, in a hollow Tree, between* Barnet *and* St. Albans.

PARIS

PARIS to HELLEN.

The ARGUMENT.

Paris *had liv'd a great while in Obscurity, at last being own'd by Alderman* Priam *a Rich Old Citizen, and receiv'd as his Son---he set up for a Gentleman; but very well knowing he could not be rightly accomplish'd without a Mistress, and hearing Fame speak* viva voce *in the praise of one* Hellen, *who liv'd somewhere in the* North, *He was at her house receiv'd, and during the absence of* Menelaus *her Husband, he endeavour'd to break his Mind to her; but being not thorough-pac'd in Gentility, his Modesty got the the upper hand of his Inclination, therefore he presently had recourse to his Pen, and writes her this conceited Letter.*

FReely and from my heart without compelling,
I wish all health and happiness to *Hellen*:
For if yur're Sick, I'm sure to suffer pain;
As I'm a Lover and a Gentleman,
I need

I need not tell you that I'm off oth' hooks,
Your Ladiſhip diſcerns it by my Looks:
For you whoſe Eyes have ſuch a piercing quick-
(neſs,
May ſee I'm overgrown in the Green-ſickneſs;
So that upon the whole and perfect Matter,
I am your ſervant but I ſeem your Daughter.
I cou'd eat walls as well as white bred crum,
But fear to eat you out of houſe and home.
For this diſtemper I've read many Cures,
But the ſole power of healing muſt be Yours.
Your Holineſs (I cannot call you leſs,
That doth on Earth perform ſuch Miracles,)
Your holineſs I ſay within few weeks,
May fetch a lively colour in my Cheeks.
But if we are to long e're we begin,
I'm apt to fear it may corrupt within.
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, that makes me toſs & tumble,
And in my Entrails does like Jollup rumble:

'Tis

'Tis as impoſſible you ſhould not ſee't,
As 'tis to hide the Pox both ſmall and great.
'Tis Love, You know th' effects of that diſeaſe,
Therefore pray fall to work when e're you pleaſe.
If at theſe Lines you do not jeer nor Jybe,
There is ſome hopes you may receive the Scribe.
And Madam know, I did engage the Stars,
Before I durſt engage in *Cupid*'s Wars.
This is a grand affair, I had been ſilly
T'ave ventur'd on't whithout conſulting *Lilly*:
To him I went for my own happy ends,
And all the Planets he hath made my Friends,
But above all, the moſt pellucid *Venus*,
Hath promis'd there ſhould be a Job between us:
She knoweth beſt what's good for you and me,
She does command our Fates and Powers d'ye ſee,
Without her leave no living Lover ſtirs,
Paris, ſaid ſhe, put on your Boots and Spurs.

She did consent I should ascend my horse,
And toward your Mansion bend my glorious course.
Never by her was riding yet forbidden,
Her Goddess-ship with pleasure has been ridden.
My heart's upon the racking trot—alas!
But she can bring it to a Gentle pace.
Next, Madam, know, your Sight was no suprize,
I lov'd you by my Ears as well as Eyes.
Your Fame hath much out-sounded the Report,
Of the great Guns at taking of a Fort.
I came not here to seek terrestial pelf,
I made this progress for your heavenly self.
The Womb o'th' Universe if I should rifle,
To your more secret parts 'twere but a trifle.
To see your ancient Pile, I do not range,
We have more lofty Fabricks near th' Exchange.
'Twas for your sake I spurr'd my stubborn Steed,
For you alone thro' thick and thin I rid.

You're

You're mine, what deſperate mortal dares gain-(ſay't?
Sure I may take my Planet's word for that.
I fain would tell your Ladiſhip a Dream,
If it would not too great a trouble ſeem.
My Mother dream't, when ſhe with me was quick,
She ſhould bring forth a lighted Fagot---ſtick:
I am that Fagot-ſtick, I burn apace,
Oh quench me, Madam, in your watring---place.
I've taken fire at you, as a match at tinder;
Cool me, or elſe your Servant is a Cinder.
This was my Mother's dream, I now deſign,
Under Correction, to relate your mine.
I laid me down to ſleep one Summers day,
Under the ſhade of a new Stack of Hay;
For we poor Lovers, ſuch is our hard caſe,
Are glad to take a Nap in any place;
Three naked Ladies came, I well remember,
As naked as the Trees are---in *December*;

They

They told me they'd be judg'd alone by me,
Which was the moſt deſerving of the Three;
The firſt would bribe me with a Purſe of Gold;
My Judgment's neither to be bought nor ſold:
The ſecond offer'd me a Tilting Sword,
Knowing I ne're would take an angry word:
But ſayes the third, and in my face ſhe giggled,
With ſuch poor toyes you're not to be inveigled,
But if you value me above the reſt,
Then know young---man, you are for ever bleſt.
Within a little time you ſhall arrive,
Where a reſplendent Country Dame does live;
Firſt you muſt court her like an humble Beggar,
At laſt ſhee'll yield, and you may lay your Leg---
(o're;
The Prize is yours, ſaid I, you ought to take't,
I kiſs'd her lower Parts, and ſo I wak'd,
My Dream is out, for thus I do explain it,
You are the Countrey Dame, and ſhe the Planet.

Without

Without delay I put on my accoutring,
And with full ſpeed, I came to you---a.---ſuitring.
But juſt as I was putting Foot in Stirrup,
Drinking with Friends a parting cup of Syrrup,
My Siſter came to th' door, a mad young Laſs,
Her name's *Caſſandra*, but we call her *Caſs*;
Brother, quoth ſhe, beware, beware, I ſay,
You do not meet a Fireſhip by the way:
A ſtrange wild Wench, I hope ſhe did not mean
That any where your Ladiſhip's unclean;
Heavens forbid, Good Soul, ſhe meant no more
Then flames of Love, as I have ſaid before.
Being arriv'd at this your decent houſe,
Whom ſhould I meet but your Illuſtrious Spouſe?
He brought a Tankard out of good March Beer,
Cold Pork and Butter, and ſuch houſhold chear;
He ask'd---if ever I Tobacco took,
I ſaid I'd take a pipe---but cou'd not ſmoak;

He

He shew'd m' his Garden, and his fine young Trees,
His Barn, his Stable, and his house of Ease:
I said 'twas wondrous pretty—but my mind
Still ran on what my Planet had design'd.
At last you came with such a dazling grace,
I thought the Sun and Moon was in your face,
Lilly's and Roses, Pinks and Violets,
Your looks were loaded with the vernal sweets;
Your poor adorer was in such amaze,
I vow and swear I knew not where I was;
Before I spoke I fell to private pray'r,
" Planet I thank the for thy tender care;
" Now thou hast rais'd my Bliss to such a pitch,
" I humbly beg, that thou'dst go thorough stitch.
At last I spake and bow'd in seemly wise,
And paid obeysance to your sparkling Eyes;
Your Beauty's greater than your fame did boast,
So is a May-Pole taller than a Post.

I've

I've heard, you once conferr'd your gracious fa-
(vour
On *Theſeus*, who was thought a cunning ſhaver;
With him your Ladiſhip has play'd ſome Gambols,
Froliques y'have had, and many pleaſant rambles.
But, by your Leave, your Lover was a Clown,
For leaving your bright Eminence ſo ſoon;
D'ye think that *Paris* would have ſerv'd you ſo,
Would he have let Illuſtrious *Hellen* go?
By *Stix* and *Acheron* your Servant ſwears,
Rather than part with you, he'll loſe his Ears;
When that hour comes for which we both were
(born
And ſoon 'twill come, or Planet is forſworn;
When we ſhall lye entranc'd——entranc'd I ſay,
Then if you have the heart to go, you may;
Haſten, forſooth, haſten the happy Job,
For till't be done—— my heart will ſhout and
(throb:

'Tis very fit that you and I ſhould join,
Your Family's very good and ſo is mine.
My Father fin'd for Alderman, long ſince,
He's now grown rich, and lives like any Prince.
If you wou'd once make *London* your aboad.
You'd hate a Village as you'd hate a Toad.
Oh how your Ladiſhip wou'd ſtare to ſee
Our City Dames in all their Bravery.
They've Petticoats with Lace above their knees
Of Gold and Silver, or of Point *Veni-ce*;
Cornets and lofty Tow'rs upon the head,
And wondrous ſhapes of which you never read.
How ill a Pinner with a narrow Lace,
Becomes the Beauty of ſo bright a Face?
A fairer Face no mortal e're laid Lips to,
And I believe there are not whiter Hips too.
Too white to mingle with a Husband's thighes,
When I but think of that, my fleſh does riſe.

When

When towards me ſometimes a Glance does paſs;
Your poor Adorer looketh like an Aſs.
For if I ſhould return you Look for Look,
I fear your Husband will begin to ſmoak;
And I'll be hang'd, if ever *Menelaus*,
By any am'rous Look of mine, betray us;
Were it not at your Table I'd abuſe him,
For thruſting his great Paw into your Boſom:
That Watry Fiſt between your Breaſt does ſeem
Like a brown *George* dropt in a Bowl of Cream.
I'm mad to ſee him draw his Chair ſo cloſe,
And kiſs, and brigg you underneath my Noſe.
Then I go out, pretending to make Water,
Seeming to take no notice of the matter;
To all true Hearts I drink a Cup of Wine,
A Health that does imply both yours and mine;

Then ſeeming drunk, I tell ſome ſtrange Romance,
And lay the Scene in *Italy* or *France*;
Of ſome bright Lady, and her brisk---Gall---ant;
By which two Lovers, you and I are meant.
But, Madam, to write more of this were nonſence,
My Planet has contriv'd the buſ'neſs long-ſince;
By curious ſearch I ſomething can diſcover,
'Tis in your Blood---you're born to be a Lover.
What think you Lady, of your Father *Jove*?
Shew me a Town-bull h'as been more in Love.
Your Mother, *Leda*, too, who gave you ſuck,
H'as ſhe not been as good as ever ſtruk?
When s'had a luſty Youth between her thighs,
What d'ee think? would *Leda* cry to riſe?
Your Parents being as right as ever piſt,
If you ſhould be preciſe, you wou'd be hiſt.

But

But if you muſt be conſtant to one Man,
With me to *London* make what haſt you can.
There wee'll provide a little Winter Houſe,
And you ſhall paſs for my renowned Spouſe.
By what I ſee your Husband does approve,
That in your Abſence here I ſhould make Love.
Or wou'd he elſe have gone,——under pretence,
To buy a Horſe---a hundred miles from hence?
The Bus'neſs ſeems to me, as plain a caſe,
As is the Noiſe upon your beauteous face.
To let you know that I ſhould be no clog,
Did he not ſay, Love me and love my Dog?

Nelly, ſaid he, be kind unto my Gueſt,
And let his entertainment be the *Beſt*.
I preſently his meaning underſtood,
If yours be not the *Beſt*—then nothing's good.
You ſee your Husband orders our affairs,
Therefore, dear Madam, do not hang an Arſe,

But let's away to *London*---*Crop* does wait,
Saddled and bridled at the Garden---gate;
Crop's a good Natur'd Beast---and carries double,
And will not think your Ladiſhip a trouble.
Strike while the Iron's hot, my Love is ſervant,
Get up, and ride behind——

Your humble Servant

Paris.

HELLEN's Anſwer to *PARIS*

The ARGUMENT.

Hellen *having receiv'd his Letter, at firſt ſeems wonderfully diſpleas'd at his Impudence, in attempting a Lady of her unſpotted fame; who was bred and born in the Town where ſhe liv'd, and was never call'd Whore. At length the Storm's over, and ſhe Tacks about, giving him an aſſurance of her readineſs to comply, but doubts her Gallent wo'not be conſtant. In plain Engliſh She's as willing as He.*

YOur Letter's wrot in ſuch a filthy ſtile,
I did not think an anſwer worth my while,
Till I conſidere'd you might offer vi'lence,
And take advantage of a Woman's ſilence.
I'm ſure you have not wanted drink or food,
I wonder in my heart you'll be ſo rude.

'Tis fine y'faith---becauſe you come from *London*,
You think a Country Body muſt be run down.
You of your Entertainment here may brag,
You were not us'd as if you'd had the Plague.
My Husband did receive you as a *Friend*,
And wou'd you to his Wife now prove a *Fiend*?
Perhaps you'll ſay of me, when you are gone,
Hellen! a Lady! ——*Hellen*'s but a clown.
I'll one the name, ſince you can ſay no more,
I'd rather be a Clown, then call'd a Whore:
Yet for all that, though I keep Cows and Daries,
I can behave my ſelf as well as *Paris*.
Tho' I don't fleer like a young wanton Girle,
Yet you ſhall ſeldom ſee me frown or fnarle.
Tho' you ſuch breeding, and ſuch manners own,
Let me deal plainly w'ye——I think you've none,
Or could you elſe believe me ſo untrue,
To leave my Spouſe and run away with you?

Becauſe

Becauſe a Fellow once did pick me up,
You think I'm to be ſtoln by every Fop.
He knew not whether I was Man or Woman,
But you conclude from thence that I am common.
When he perceiv'd *that I was none of thoſe*,
He very fairly brought me to my houſe.
And ſince I'm gotten quit of Maſter *Theſeus*,
Our *Paris* wou'd be nibbling too, God bleſs us!—
Though by my Trooth I cannot blame your Love,
If I were ſure that you wou'd conſtant prove,
Dy'e think I ſhould not be in dainty pickle,
If I ſhould run away with one that's fickle?
You urg'd to me th' example of my Mother,
As if the Daughter ſhou'd be ſuch another.
You don't conſider *Læda*, was betray'd,
By one that courted her in Maſquerade.
She thought ſh'ad met a harmleſs plum of feather,
But at *long-run* he prov'd a Stallion rather.

His

His Famili's the beſt in all the County,
All that you live by's but a Tradſman's bounty.
But that's all one, whereever love prevails,
Money's no more than pairing of my Nails.
Sometimes I think you love me when you look
With Eyes unmov'd, juſt like a Pig that's ſtuck,
And dabble with your fingers in my Palm,
And uſe to call the moiſture of it, —Balm.
If in the Glaſs I leave a little drop,
You'd ſay I'll drink your ſnuffs—and ſuck it up.
Hellen you carv'd with Penkife on the Gate,
And I wrot *Paris juſt a top* of that.
Theſe are ſhrewd ſigns of Love, and without (doubt,
You'd give a Leg or Arm to have a Bout.
Tho' you are not the firſt Man by a hundred,
That has ſeen me, and lov'd and gaz'd and won- (dred.
If you at firſt had come into our Town,
And courted *Hellen* in a Grogram Gown,

When

When I was but a ſilly Soul, God knows,
You might have made a Bridge of *Menel*'s Noſe.
Now he commands in chief your Suit is vain,
To all true Lovers Marriage is a Bane.
But why ſhould *Paris* for a Miſtreſs long,
Since in your Sleep your Fancy is ſo ſtrong?
You can ſee three ſtark naked at a time,
And take your choice of Beauty's in a dream:
Yet you left Honour, Wealth, and God knows (what.
And all for me—a pretty fancy that.
I know 'tis wheedle,—but if all were true,
It is no more than I would do for you.
You gueſs my want of Skill, by being ſo plain,
For I am not us'd to write to any Man,
Except t' a Millener, (my Husband's Cozen)
Who ſends me Gloves,—and Ribbands by the (dozen.
Well—ſince it muſt be ſo—let's be diſcreet,
Let not our Town take notice that we meet;

For

For they ſuſpect already you're a Wencher,
There is not ſuch a place on Earth for Cenſure
Yet I can't ſee, why we ſhould be ſo nice,
I like you---by my Husband's own advice.
I cou'd not chuſe but laugh to hear him ſay,
Pray Love your Gueſt when I am gone away:
And all the while that *Menelaus* tarries.
You are committed to the charge of *Paris*.
The charge! Let us examine well the word,
Whether he meant your charge at Bed and Board;
Why ſhould he not mean both as well as one?
He knows---how much I hate to lye alone.
In my weak Judgment, 'tis an eaſie Caſe,
You are in all things to ſupply his place.
But for the Maſterſhip you're like to tug
Before you have me at the cloſeſt hug.
'Twill ſeem to me, if you ſome force do uſe,
As if I had a Maidenhead to loſe.

Lord!

Lord! how I write; if I were to be damn'd,
I cou'd not ſay't —— I ſhould be ſo aſham'd.
If I conſent I'll hold you any Money,
You'll ſerve me as you did you'r dear *Oenone*.
She hop'd ſhe ſhould be wedded in the Church,
Inſtead of that you left her in the Lurch.
But if we now were toward *London* jogging,
'Tis ten to one ſome Puppy would be dogging,
Or elſe ſome Neighbour on the Read wou'd ſtay (us,
And ask me after Mr. *Menelaus*.
Or we ſhall hear the Country-people ſay,
Would you believe that ſhe ſhould run-away?
Marry not handſome Wives by this Example,
Since pretty Miſtreſs *Hellen*'s on the Ramble
I'm ſtrangly afraid of ſeeing Mr. *Priam*,
How I ſhall tremble when he asks whom I—am.
Tho' for my Life I ſhall not hold from Laughter,
If *Hecuba*, ſhould ſay Your Servant, Daughter

But

But above All 'tis *Hector* that I dread,
That *Hector* certainly will break my Head.
Who'd think you two from the ſame Mother came,
He's like a Lyon, you are like a Lamb.
Let *Hector* proſer with his ſenſeleſs huffing,
'Tis *knowing nothing now* that makes a Ruffian.
While *Paris* ſhall be skill'd in Lovers Arts,
And dive into our Sexes ſecret Parts;
Now you begin to think 'tis ten to one,
Your Suit is granted, and the Bus'neſs done.
But not ſo faſt, —— conſult my Friend *Clymene*,
No doubt — you'l make the Bus'neſs up between ye
I'm loath to ſay't my ſelf, ſhe knows my mind,
And ſhe can tell you how I am enclin'd.
When ſhe informs you what muſt be tranſacted,
With too much Joy, I fear, you'l run diſtracted.

FINIS.

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